

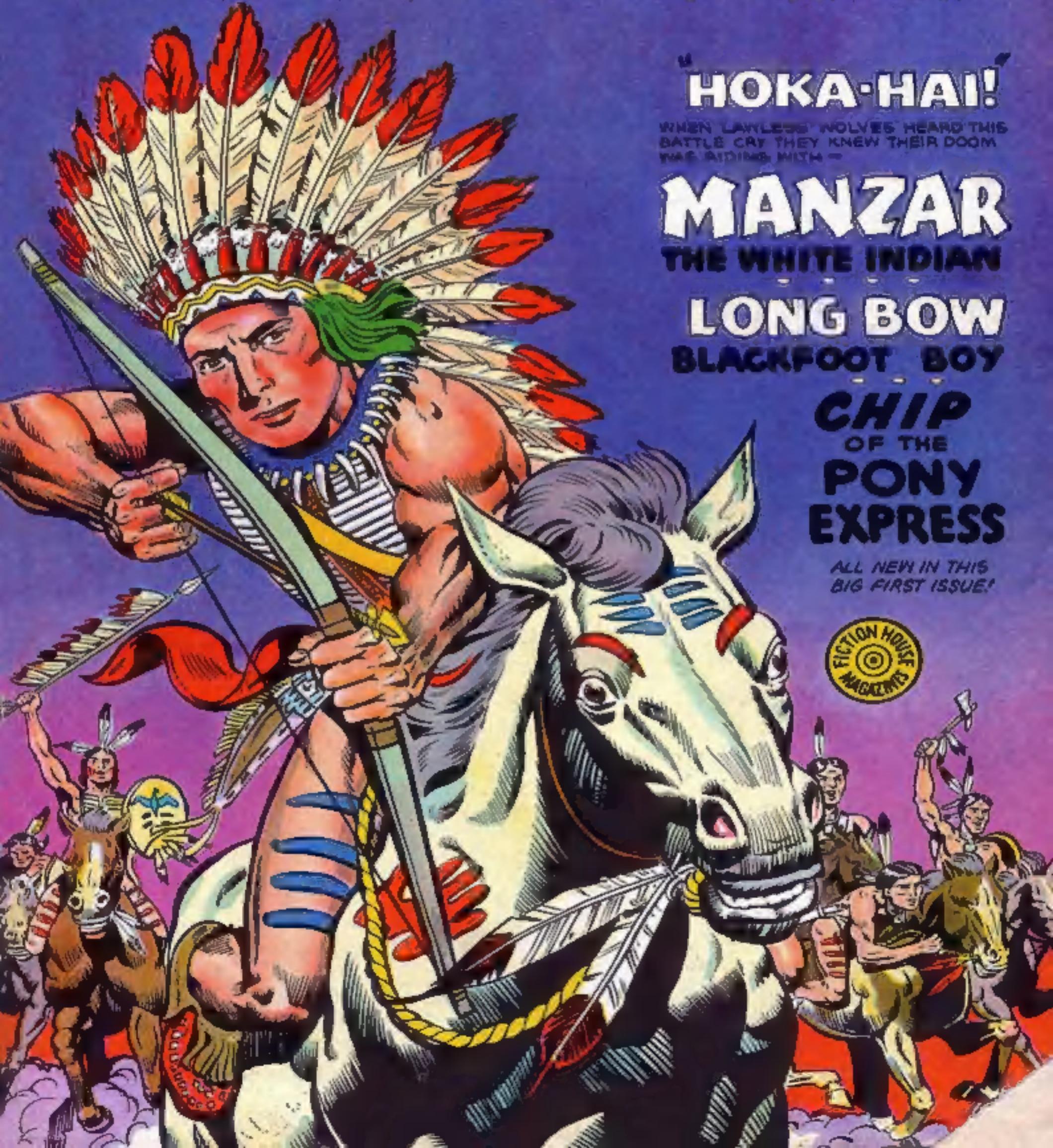
A.N.C.

No. 1

10¢

Indians

PICTURE STORIES of the FIRST AMERICANS



HOKA-HAI!

WHEN "LAWLESS WOLVES" HEARD THIS
BATTLE CRY THEY KNEW THEIR DOOM
WAS RIDING WITH —

MANZAR THE WHITE INDIAN LONG BOW BLACKFOOT BOY

CHIP OF THE PONY EXPRESS

ALL NEW IN THIS
BIG FIRST ISSUE!



PAY LESS—GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

LATEST STYLE LUXURY GENUINE FIBRE

SEAT COVERS

LUXURY SEAT COVERS SAVE YOU MONEY!

Same Superb Quality As Used In The Most Expensive Seat Covers.

Buy from Luxury and SAVE TREMENDOUSLY on smartest, new style, color glamorous seat covers! Lacquer-coated to repel water. LUXURY Genuine Fibre Seat Covers are double-stitched, trimmed with rich leatherette for extra long, luxury wear! Expertly tailored, RICHER, STRONGER, Revolutionary — New ELASTICIZED SLIP-OVER SIDES assure FAULTLESS FIT . . . NO INSTALLATION COST! All in stunning Scotch Plaids of soft, harmonious multi-color weaves! Make old cars look like new . . . new cars even more elegant!

SMARTEST SCOTCH PLAIDS
YOUR CHOICE OF 23 SPARKLING COLORS!

WHATEVER YOUR CAR
HERE ARE YOUR COVERS!
Guaranteed perfect fit for
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And Many Others
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3. Richly Grained Leatherette Trim!

The Exact Same Material Used In the Most Expensive Seat Covers!

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Specify style for YOUR car.

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Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special 5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

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Full set front & back covers \$8.95. My car is a 19_____
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 Type A Type B Type C
 On delivery I'll pay postman purchase price plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City. _____ Zone. _____ State. _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

\$ _____ purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

Indians

PICTURE STORIES of the FIRST AMERICANS

MANZAR, The WHITE INDIAN



WHEN SMOKE-SIGN SPILLED DANGER in the BLACK HILLS, DAN CARTER, THE TRADER, VANISHED... AND BLAZING ALONG THE PERIL-TRAILS RODE THE BRIGHT ARROW, BLUE-EYED SON OF THE SIOUX, SHOUTING THE BATTLE-CRY THE LAWLESS FEARED — "HOKA-HAI!"

RED FAWN



A MAIDEN'S WORK IS STEWING FISH AND BUILDING TEEPEES AND CHEWING BUFFALO SKINS. BUT RED FAWN, THE LITTLE FIREBRAND, HAD A TRUANT FOOT AND A WARRIOR'S HEART AND AN EAR THAT HARKED WHEN THE WINDIGO BREEZE WHISPERED THE FORBIDDEN.

CHIP of the PONY EXPRESS



YOU ARE CHIP BLAKE OF KENTUCKY, JUST TURNED EIGHTEEN. YOUR MOUTH IS DRY AND YOUR HAND SWEATS UPON THE STOCK OF YOUR CARBINE. YOU ARE PROUD AND SCARED, FOR IN THREE MINUTES YOU MOUNT AND RIDE TO RISK YOUR SCALP FOR THE PONY EXPRESS.

ORPHAN of the STORM



WHAT NAME FOR HIM — FOR THIS LITTLE WILD HORSE? SHALL WE CALL HIM DRIFTER? OR BLUE BRAVE? OR KILLER-OF-WOLVES? LISTEN TO HIS STORY, SO DARK WITH DREAD YET SO BRIGHT WITH COURAGE, AND SEE WHAT NAME IT WRITES FOR YOU.

LONG BOW



THE WAR-PAINTED CROWS SWOOPED FROM THE DARK — "YAA-HEE! WE SLAY" — AND LONG BOW, THE BLACKFOOT BOY, WAS A LONE, LOST FUGITIVE IN A GRIM AND HUNGRY LAND. AND HIS ONLY ESCAPE WAS A WHITE-DEVIL'S DOOR, WITH A HUNDRED HOOTING TRAPS BEHIND IT!

MANZAR THE WHITE INDIAN

BY JOHN STAAR



THE WILD TRAPPERS OF THE BLACK HILLS
CALLED HIM **DAN CARTER**—AND SNEERED
AT THE NAME... TO THEM THE TALL NEPHEW
OF OLD PEGLEG CARTER, BOSS OF THE
TRADING POST AT COUGAR PASS, WAS ONLY
HALF A MAN...
BUT HIS INDIAN BROTHERS OF CAPTIVE
BOYHOOD DAYS CALLED HIM **MANZAR**,
THE **BRIGHT ARROW**—BEST AND
BRAVEST OF THEIR BRAVES!

ONE
DAY IN
SPRING...

THIS WHEEL'S
PLUMB BUSTED,
PANKY... BETTER
FIX IT NOW.

THEN RAISE A YELL AT THE
GATE... PEGLEG CARTER'S
GOT NO LOVE FOR US, BUT
HE CAN'T REFUSE US HELP!

HO! ONE OF PANKY
HARLOW'S WAGONS...
LET 'EM YELL, DAN'-
THEY'RE PRIME
SKUNKS!

AW, NO, UNCLE
PEG... I'LL GO
SEE WHAT'S
TROUBLING
'EM...

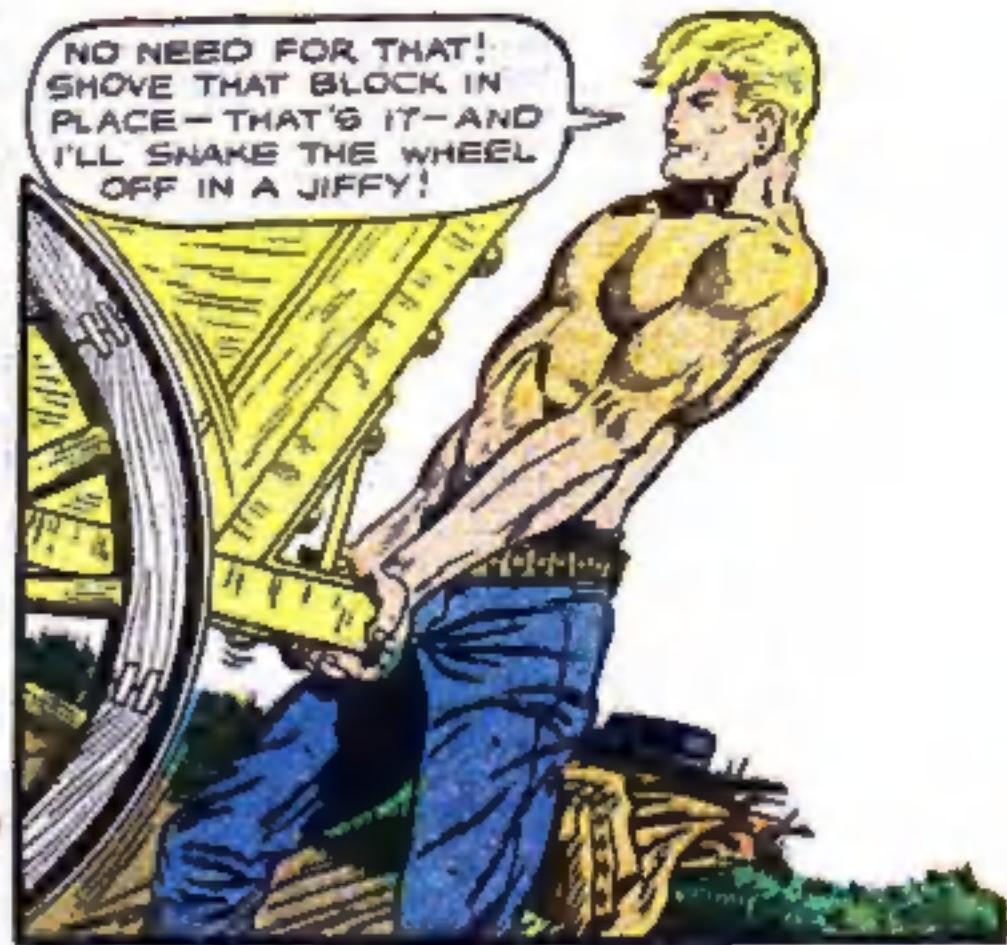
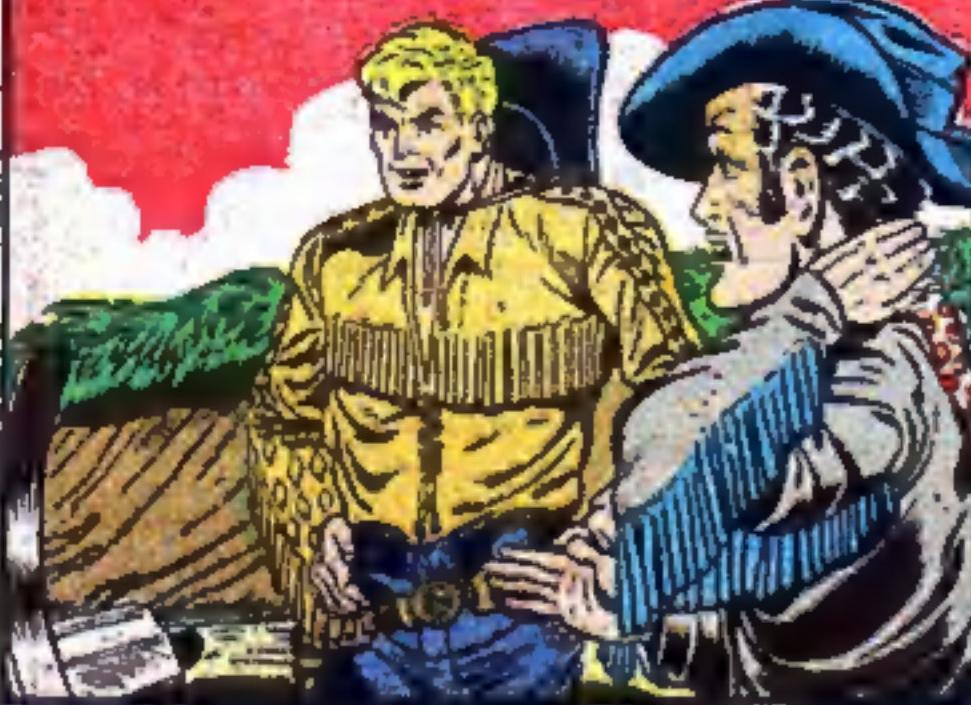
LOOK, SEÑOR PANKY—A
HELPING HAND... AND
WHAT A HANDSOME ONE!
'ALLO, BLUE-EYES!



THAT WHEEL NEEDS
A NEW RIM, HARLOW...
WHERE'S YOUR AXLE-
BLOCKS?

YOU MEAN YOU'LL
FIX IT? GOOD! HEY,
SOME OF YOU MEN
GET A HOLD, HERE-

NO NEED FOR THAT!
SHOVE THAT BLOCK IN
PLACE - THAT'S IT - AND
I'LL SNAKE THE WHEEL
OFF IN A JIFFY!



BEHOLD HIM, PAN-KEE!
LIKE A FEATHER, HE
LIFTS THE LOADED
WAGON... AH, W'AT A
MUCHO HOMBRE!

SHOWIN' OFF
FOR STELLA,
HUH? MAKIN'
A FOOL OF
ME!

SOON, IN THE
CLANGING
BLACKSMITH
SHOP OF THE
POST, THE
BRIGHT-EYED
STELLA
PURSUDES
HER
WOMAN'S
MISCHIEF...
"YOU DON'T
MIND IF
I WATCH,
BLUE-
EYES?"

THEY CALL YOU A STRAIGHT
MAN... IT IS BECAUSE YOU
GREW UP WITH THE INDIANS,
NO?



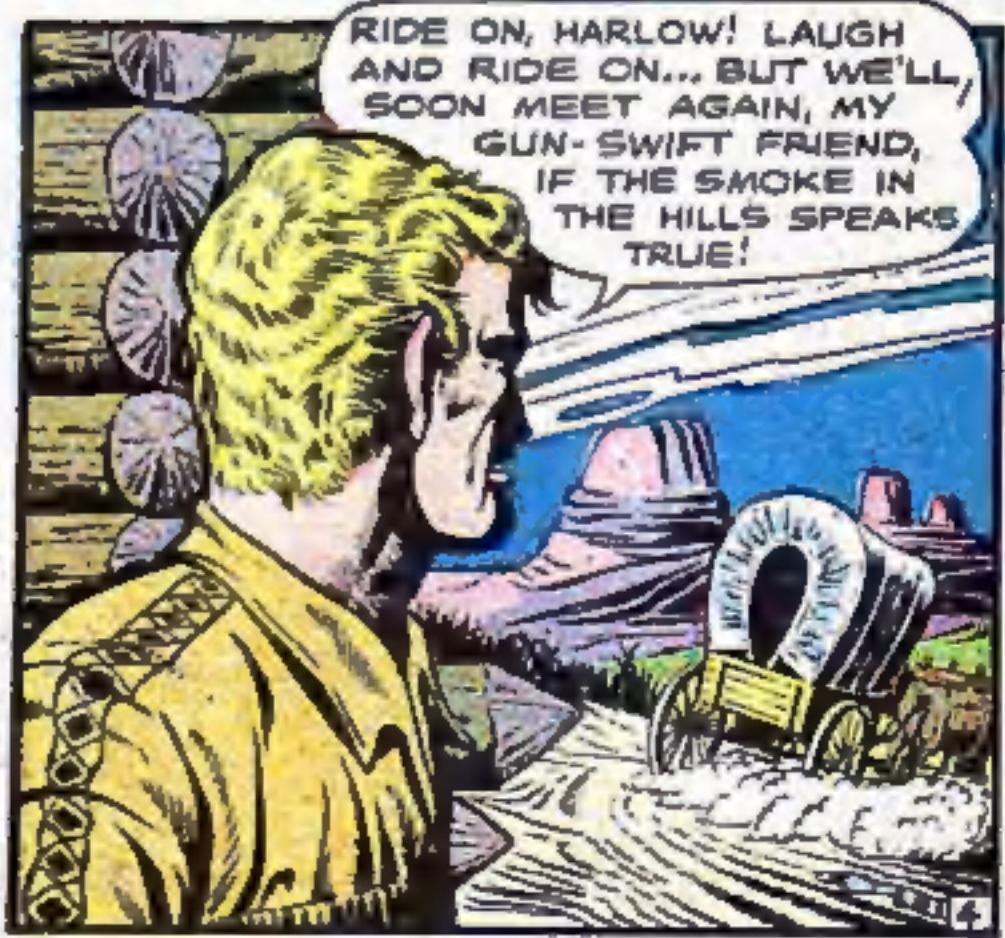
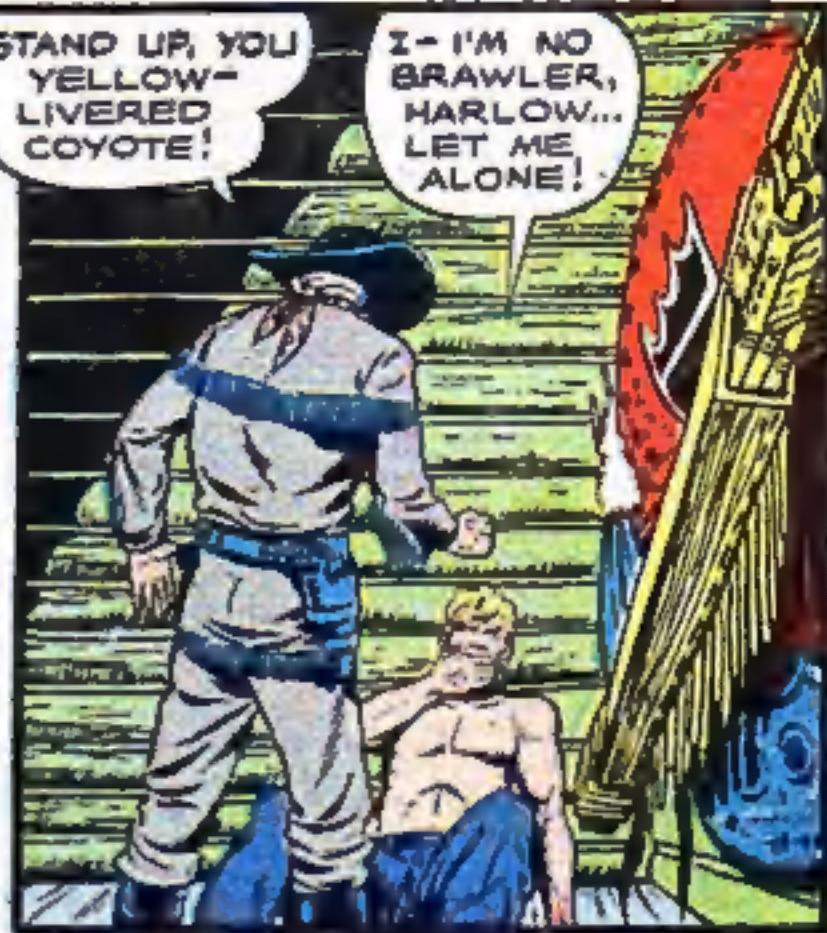
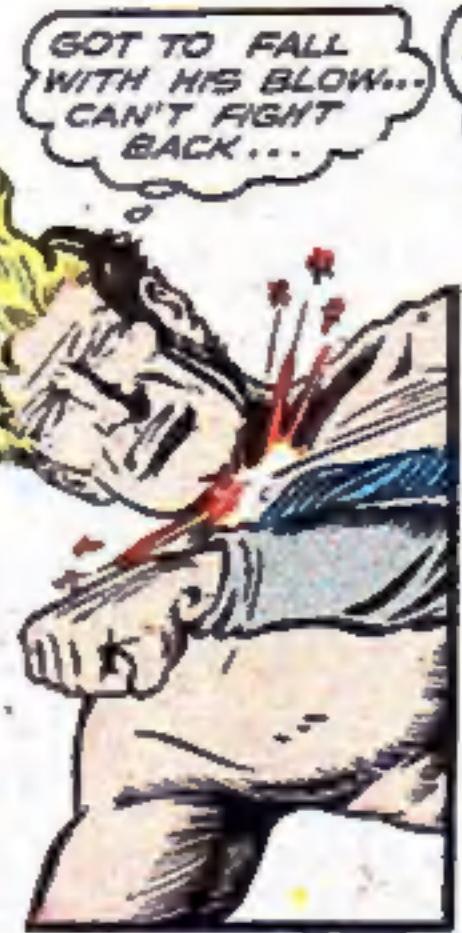
AND NOW YOU ROAM THE
HILLS FOR UGLY WAR-
MASKS WHILE OTHERS
HUNT FUR AND GOLD...

DID YOU NEVER THINK
THAT PAN-KEE HARLOW
COULD USE A MAN
LIKE YOU -

THERE'S YOUR
ANSWER, LITTLE
FOOL! PLAYING
HARLOW'S OUTLAW
GAME IS PLAYING
WITH FIRE -

WHO SAYS SO,
YOU SON OF A
FLEA-BIT
SQUAW?



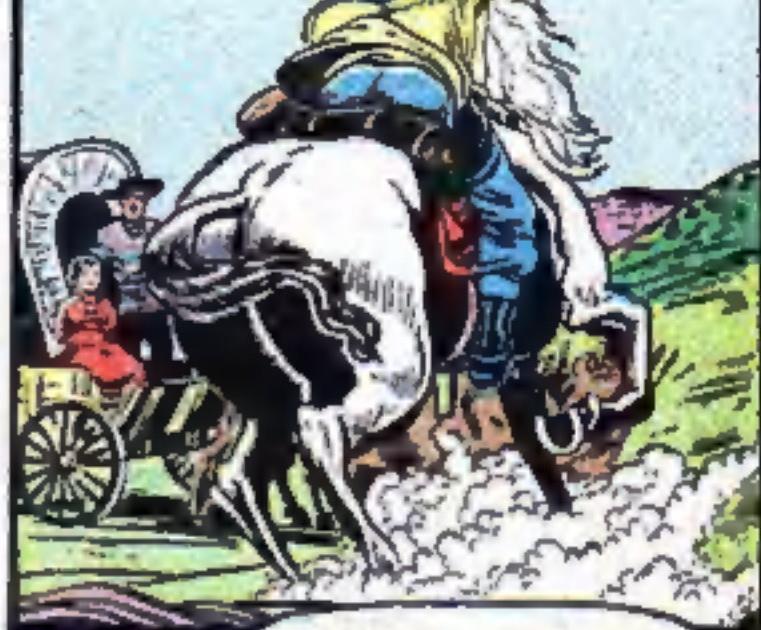


NEXT
DAY, IN
THE
FAR
HILLS.

YES, STELL, THAT RUCKUS AT COUGAR PASS STILL PLEASES ME... THAT'S WHAT I WANT IN THIS COUNTRY-TROUBLE! THE MORE I STIR UP, THE BETTER IT PAYS ME...

SOMEDAY I AIM TO OWN OLD PEG-LEG CARTER'S POST... I'LL BOSS THE WHOLE DAKOTAS—

ALL SET, PANKY! THE BLUE-COAT BIRDS ARE FLYIN' STRAIGHT FOR OUR TRAP... BUT WHAT'S THAT SMOKE-TALK YONDER?



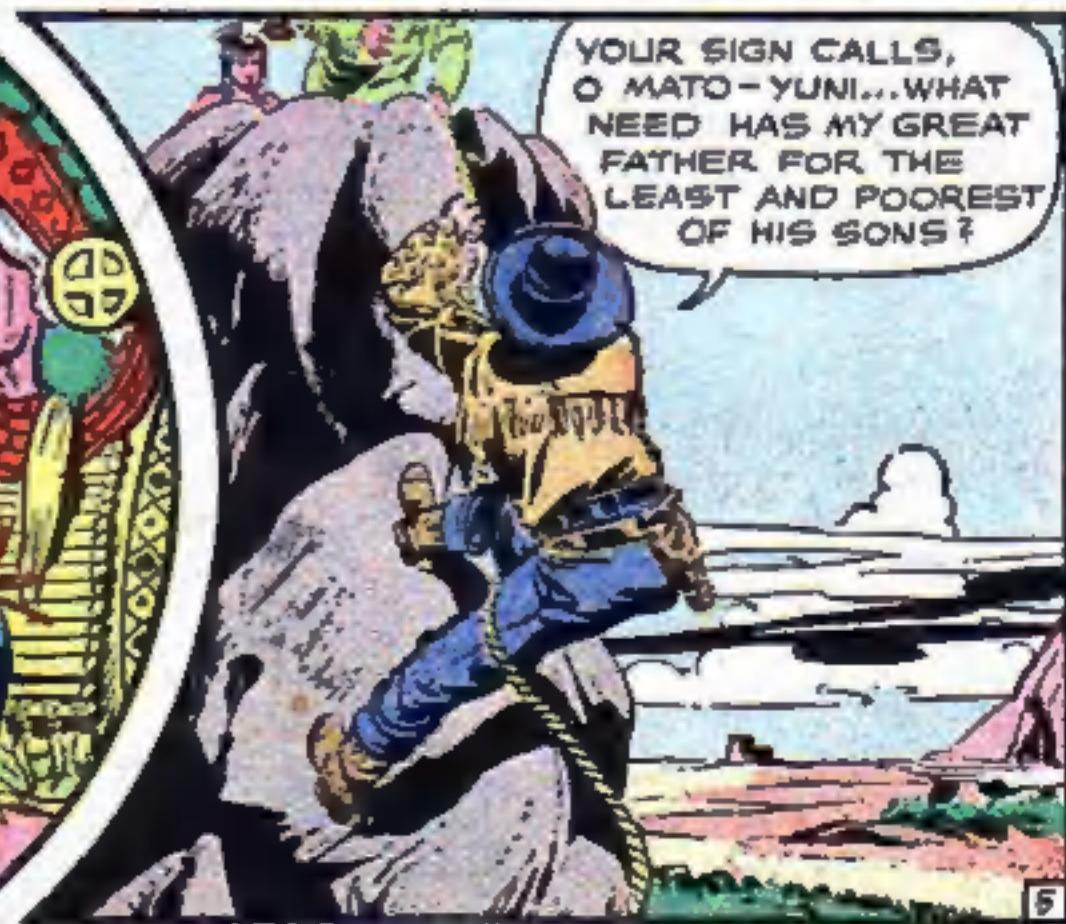
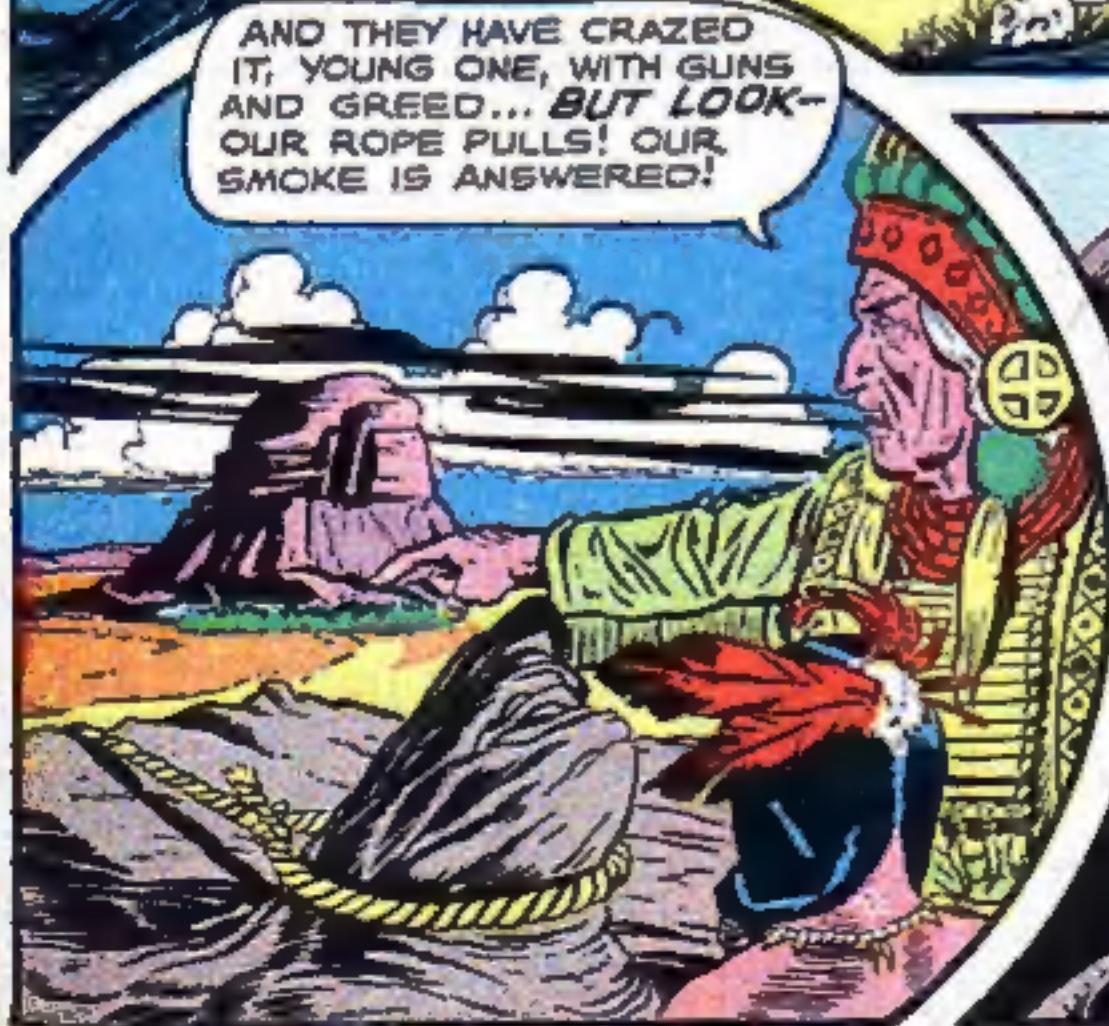
JUST INJUNS, NED... TAME SIOUX THAT CAN'T EVEN TRACK THEIR STOLEN HORSES... C'MON, BOYS—ARMY GOLD IS A-CALLING!

ABOVE...

THEY GO, EYES-OF-NIGHT—THE PROUD WHITE MEN, MASTERS OF A CRAZY LAND!

AND THEY HAVE CRAZED IT, YOUNG ONE, WITH GUNS AND GREED... BUT LOOK—OUR ROPE PULLS! OUR SMOKE IS ANSWERED!

YOUR SIGN CALLS, O MATO-YUNI...WHAT NEED HAS MY GREAT FATHER FOR THE LEAST AND POOREST OF HIS SONS?



MANZAR! AGAIN
THE **BRIGHT ARROW**
SPEEDS INTO THE
DARK OF MY WOES!

YOU MEAN
THE PONIES
STOLEN BY
WHITE RAIDERS
TWO MOONS
AGO?

MORE THAN THAT,
MY SON! I SEE
WAR—UNLESS
YOU HALT IT
NOW!

WAR? DOES **BLACK FOX**, THE
FIREBRAND OF MY BROTHERS,
CHANT HIS SCALP-SONG AGAIN?
BUT, LET ME DRESS FOR
DANGER, FIRST, AND TELL ME
OF IT AS WE RIDE!

I KNOW THE
THIEF OF OUR
HORSES—
HARLOW, THE
FREE-TRADER!

HE IS AN EVIL
MAN... A PLANTER
OF HATE... BUT
MY EYE IS ON
HIM!

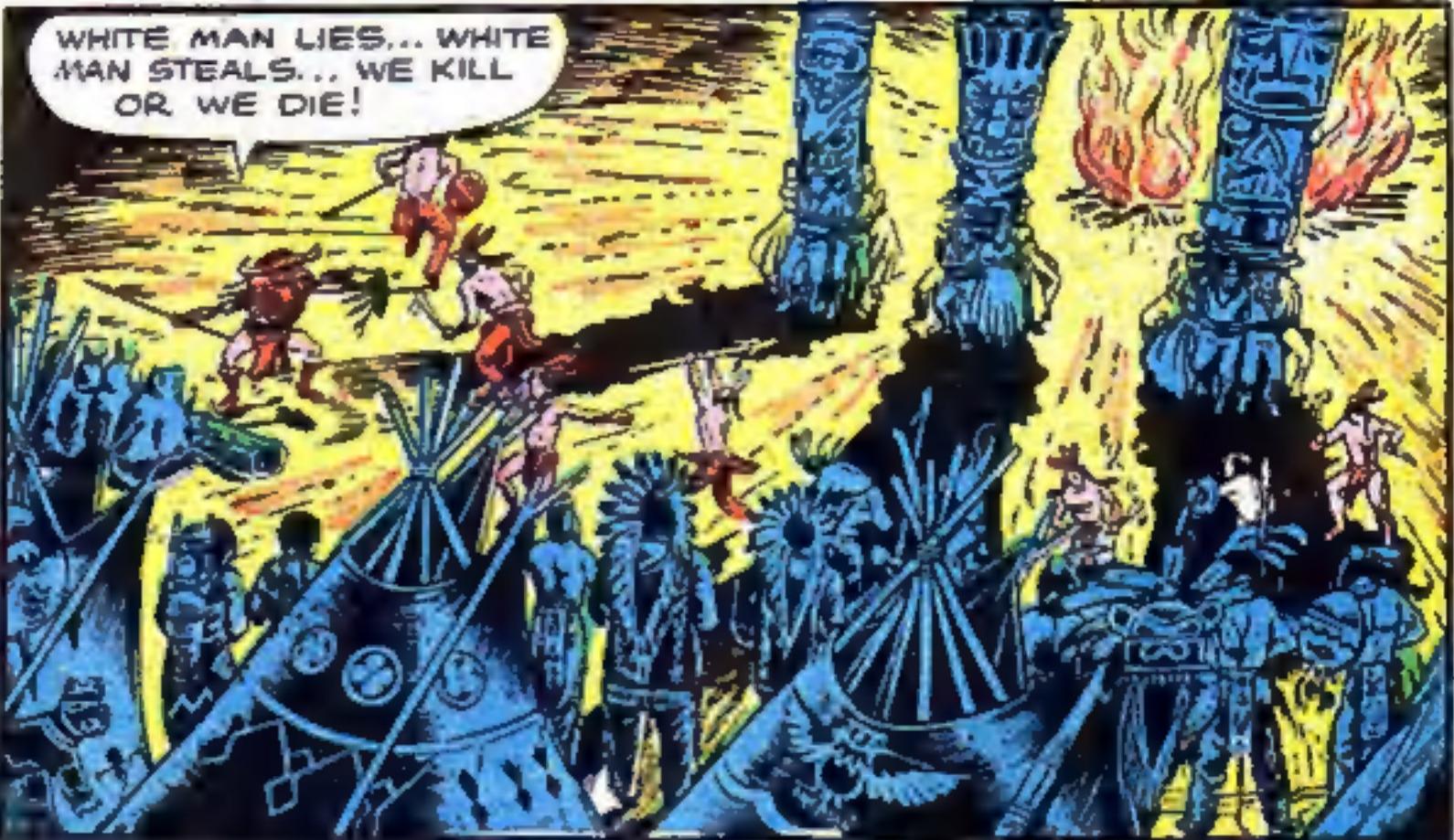
AND HE WILL
WALK INTO MY
TRAP BEFORE
HIS PLOT CAN
ROUSE A WAR
AGAINST THE
WHITE-MAN'S
WAGONS...

BUT THAT IS MY
WARNING, MANZAR—
THAT YOUR TRAP
FAILS!

AY, GREAT BROTHER! BLACK FOX
AND TWENTY MORE STRUCK THE
FIRST BLOW *LAST NIGHT!*



BY NIGHT
THEY STRUCK...
AND NOW, IN
THE SIOUX
VILLAGE, THE
CAPTIVES
CRINGED AS
FEARFUL
FIRES
BURNED...



FOOL!
WOULD YOU
DULL YOUR
BLADE WITH
A HUNDRED
DEATHS,
BLACK FOX?

THIS IS MADNESS, MY
BROTHERS... LET
ME SPEAK—

NO-NO! HE SPEAKS
WITH A TRAITOR'S FORKED
TONGUE... KILL HIM!

HOKA-
HAI!

COME AND
KILL ME
THEN!

FURIOUS
MINUTES
LATER...

A THOUSAND
DEVILS FIGHT
FOR HIM!

NO WEAPON
CAN HARM
HIM!

I HAVE HURT MY BROTHERS
AND MY HEART IS SICK... BUT
BLACK FOX MAKES FOOLS
OF YOU... LET THE
PRISONERS GO FREE!

AND NOW WE
RIDE TO PUNISH
THE DOGS WHO
PLANNED THIS
EVIL THING!



NEARBY,
A
MAIDEN
LISTENS.

STOLEN HORSES
AND TREACHEROUS
TRADERS... AND
HIS EYES BLIND
TO ME!

WOULD YOU GO
WITH NO WORD
FOR SINGING BIRD,
MANZAR?

HAI-EE!
OUR TRAIL
RUNS FAR
AND FAST!

BUT YOU KNOW THAT WHERE-
EVER I RIDE, DAY OR NIGHT,
THE THOUGHT OF MY SISTER
RIDES WARM WITH ME...
FAREWELL, SINGING BIRD!

FAREWELL!

HIS SISTER... THERE
WAS A TIME WHEN HIS
EYES CALLED ME SOME-
THING ELSE... BUT WHAT
CAN I DO NOW TO WIN
HIS HEART
AGAIN?

FAR ACROSS
THE JUMBLEO
MILES, THE
VULTURE-BIRDS
OF
PANKY HARLOW
LOOK DOWN
UPON THEIR
CRAWLING
PREY...

HAH! SIXTEEN TROOPERS
LEADIN' THE PARADE AND
THE FORK OF THE TRAIL
DEAD AHEAD... COULDN'T
HAVE TIMED IT SLICKER,
NED!

YEAH... BUT
THEM WAGONS
MOUNT A WICKED
LOAD OF GUNS,
PANK!

WHO CARES ABOUT THE
WAGONS? THE BOYS IN
BLUE ARE OUR MEAT—
SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS
WORTH!

ON THE
PLAIN
BELOW...

WE FORK OFF HERE
FOR FORT FETTERMAN,
SERGEANT... NOW OUR
ROCKY RIDING STARTS!

YESSIR!



SO LONG, TROOPERS!
THANKS FOR THREE
DAYS OF SAFE AND
PLEASANT COMPANY!

GOOD
LUCK IN
OREGON,
PILGRIMS!



BUT SHORT MINUTES
LATER, AS THE WAGON
TRAIN ROLLS ON...

HOLY MOSES—
INJUNS!

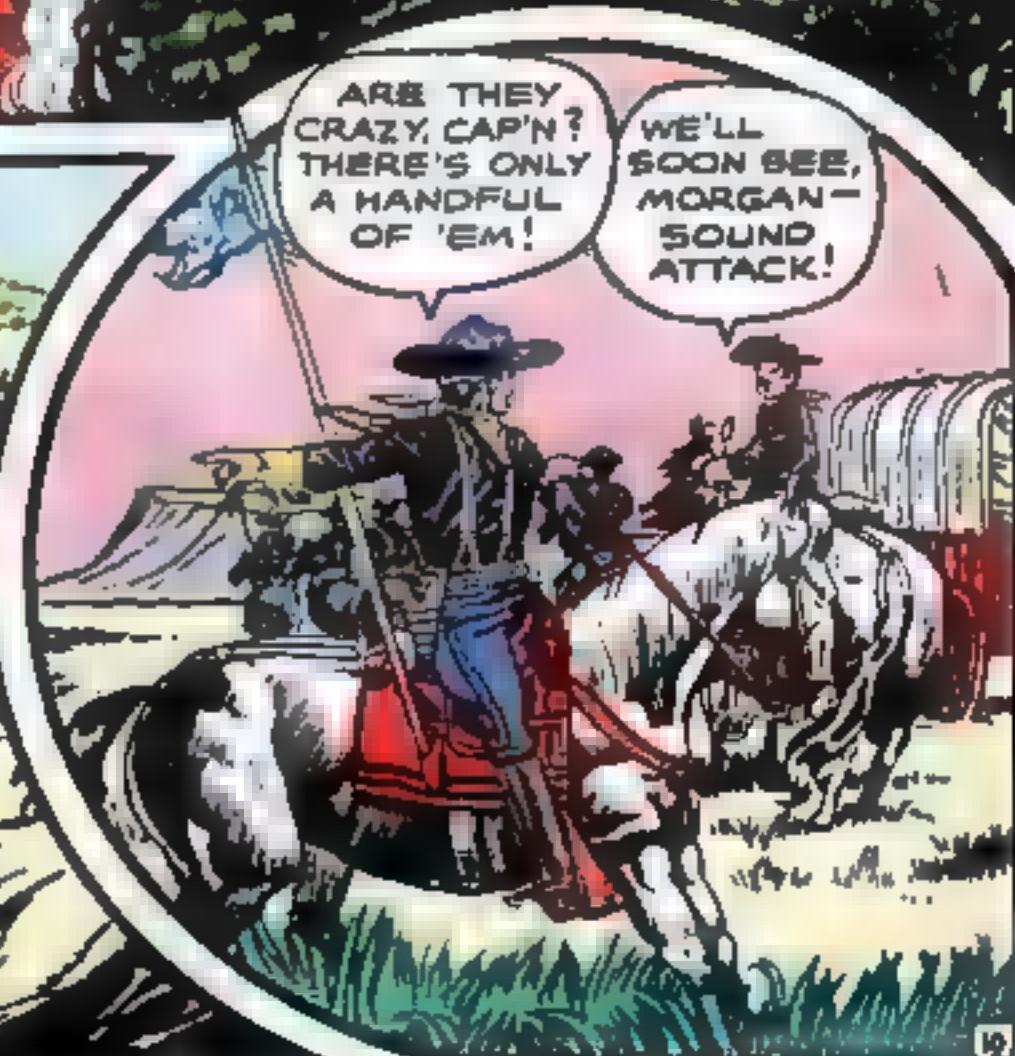
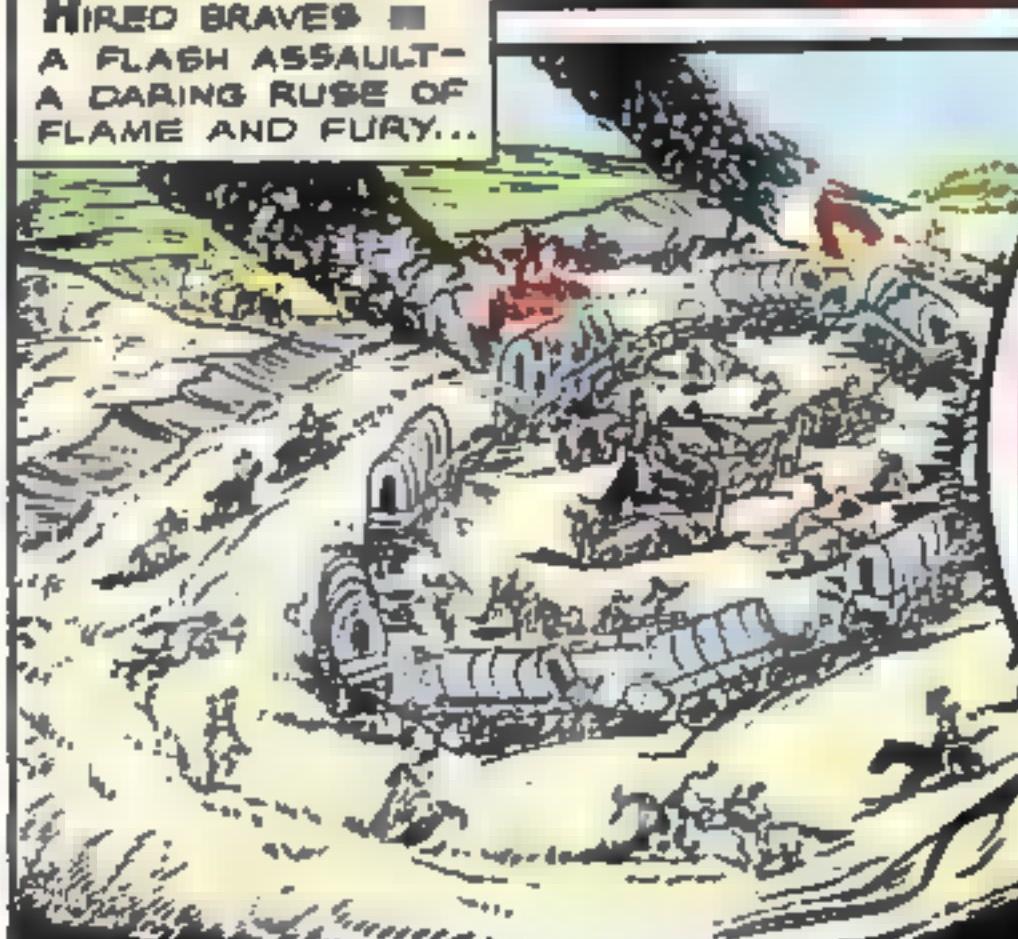


HIREO BRAVES ■
A FLASH ASSAULT—
A DARING RUSE OF
FLAME AND FURY...

...AND FROM THEIR HIDING IN
THE HILLS, PANKY HARLOW'S
RENEGADES COME STORMING!

ARE THEY
CRAZY, CAP'N?
THERE'S ONLY
A HANDFUL
OF 'EM!

WE'LL
SOON SEE,
MORGAN—
SOUND
ATTACK!



BUT AS THE TROOPERS
RIDE FOR RESCUE...

THEY SWALLOWED THE
BAIT, STELL! THE PAY-
WAGON GOLD IS OURS!

GOLD TO PAY FOR FORT
FETTERMAN'S BEEF AND
SUPPLIES. BUT WE NEED
IT MORE THAN THE ARMY
DOES, TROOPER!

NOW FAST TO
THE HIDEOUT-

PAN-KEE-
LOOK!

SIOUX! BUT
WHERE DID
THEY COME
FROM?

FROM YOUR
BLACK DREAMS,
TRADER-IN-
EVIL! HO-KA
HAI!

TOO LONG
HAVE YOU SOWN
YOUR SEEDS
OF TROUBLE
AND REAPED
THEIR HARVEST
OF PLUNDER!

LET THE ROCKS
YOUR CRIMES HAVE
STAINED WITH
BLOOD CALL
PENALTY UPON
YOU!

BIND HIS
MEN, SPOTTED
BULL! THE LAW
OF THE SOLDIERS
CAN DEAL WITH
THEM-HO-KA
HAI!

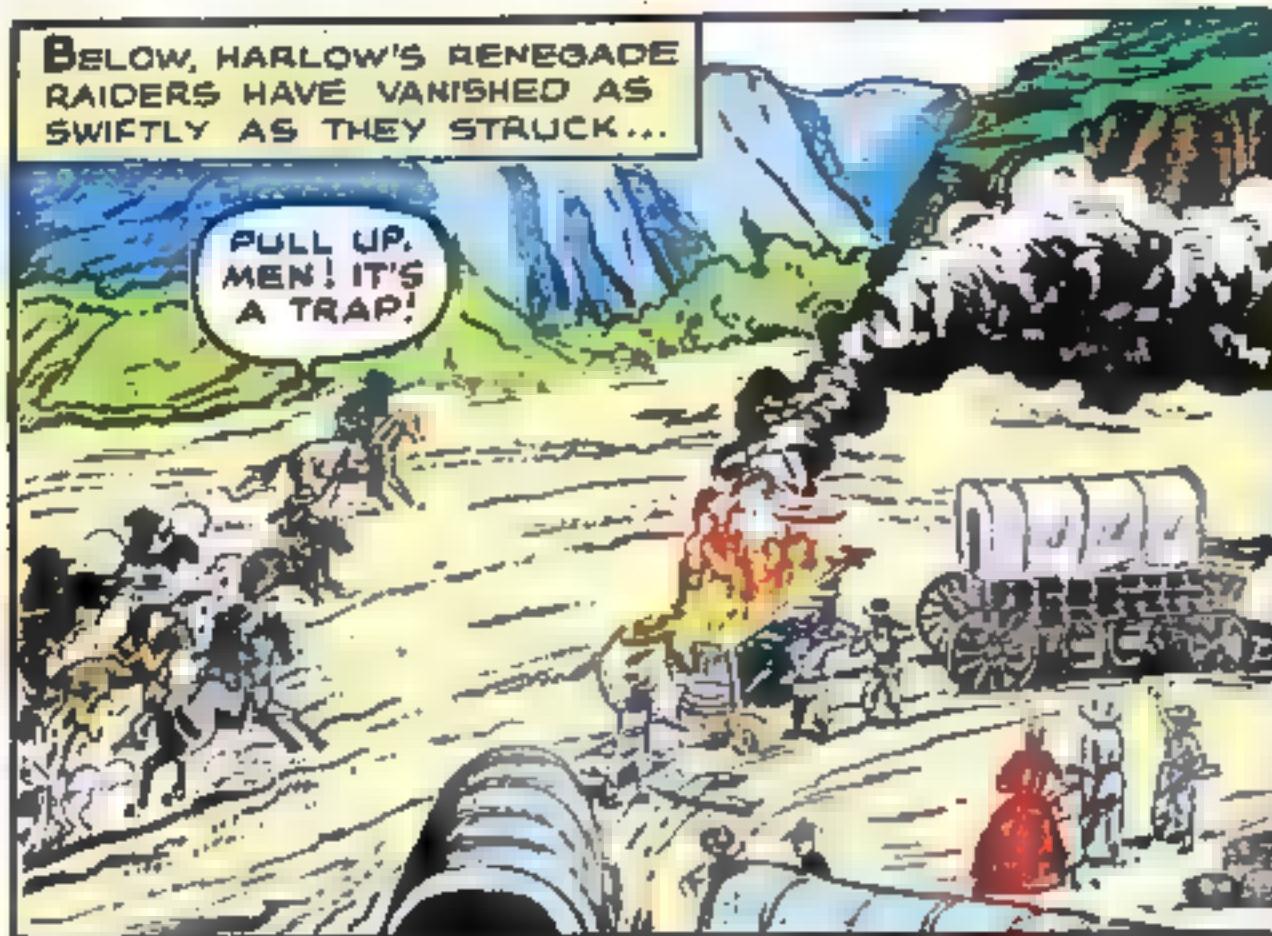
HIS EYES
AND HIS VOICE—
AS IF I KNEW
HIM! BUT SUCH
A SAVAGE—
NO, IT CAN
NOT BE...

BELow, HARLOW'S RENEGADE RAIDERS HAVE VANISHED AS SWIFTLY AS THEY STRUCK...

PULL UP,
MEN! IT'S
A TRAP!

CRAZY
ATTACK...
CAN'T
UNDER-
STAND
IT!

HERE'S THE
ANSWER,
CAP'N - YOUR
PAY-WAGON!



GREETINGS, WHITE MEN!
I AM MANZAR, OF THE
SIOUX... THESE CAPTIVES
I BRING CAN SING THE
REST OF THE MOURNFUL
SONG FOR YOU!

MANZAR, THE BRIGHT
ARROW! OUR REPORTS
TELL MANY AMAZING
TALES OF YOU... PANKY
HARLOW WAS THE
SNAKE-IN-THE-
GRASS, EH?

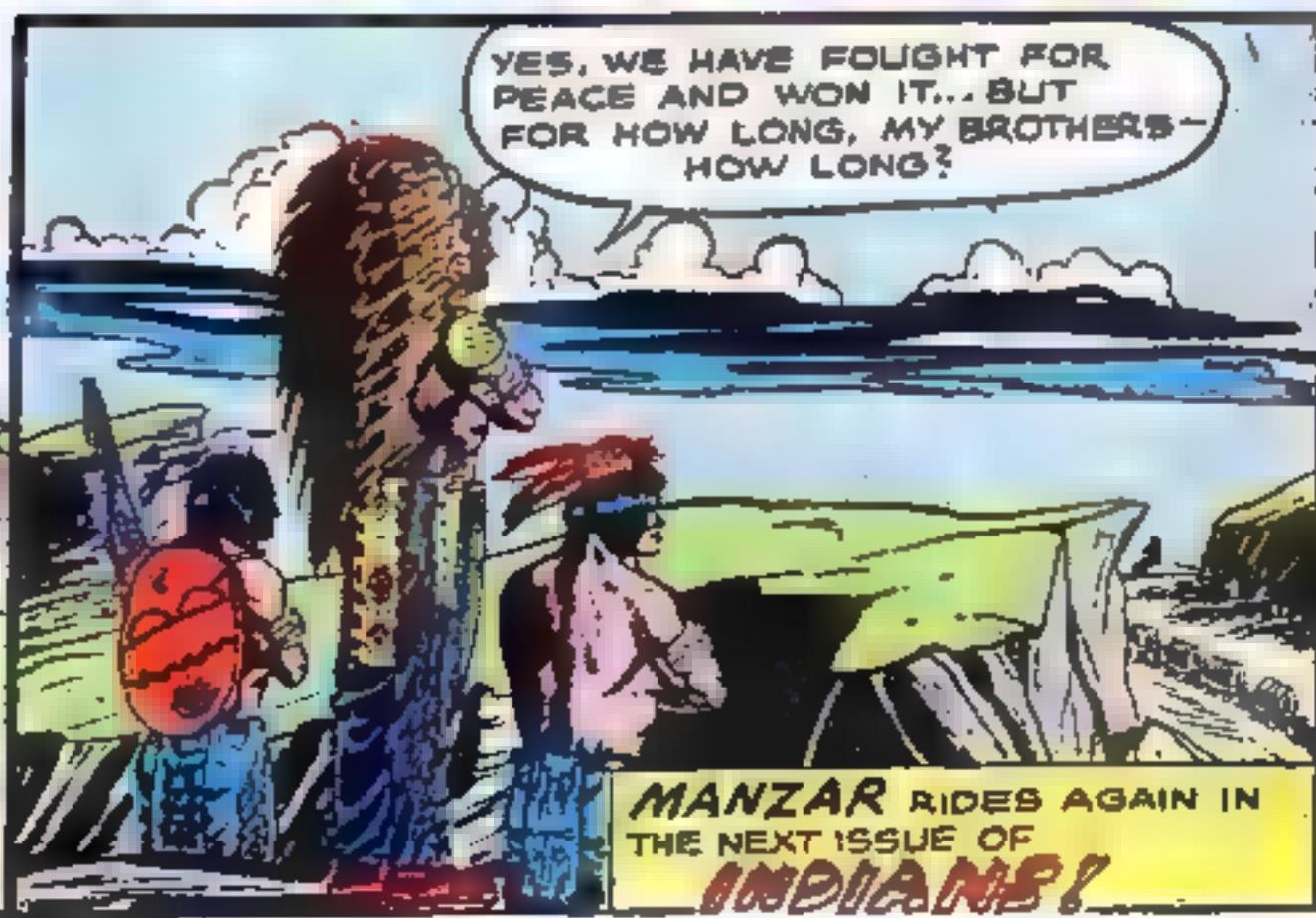
YES, YES - ESTELLA
WILL TELL ALL... I WILL
SHOW WHERE PAN-KEE'S
LOOT IS HIDDEN IF THE
SO BRAVE CAPTAIN SAY
HE BE KIND TO ME...



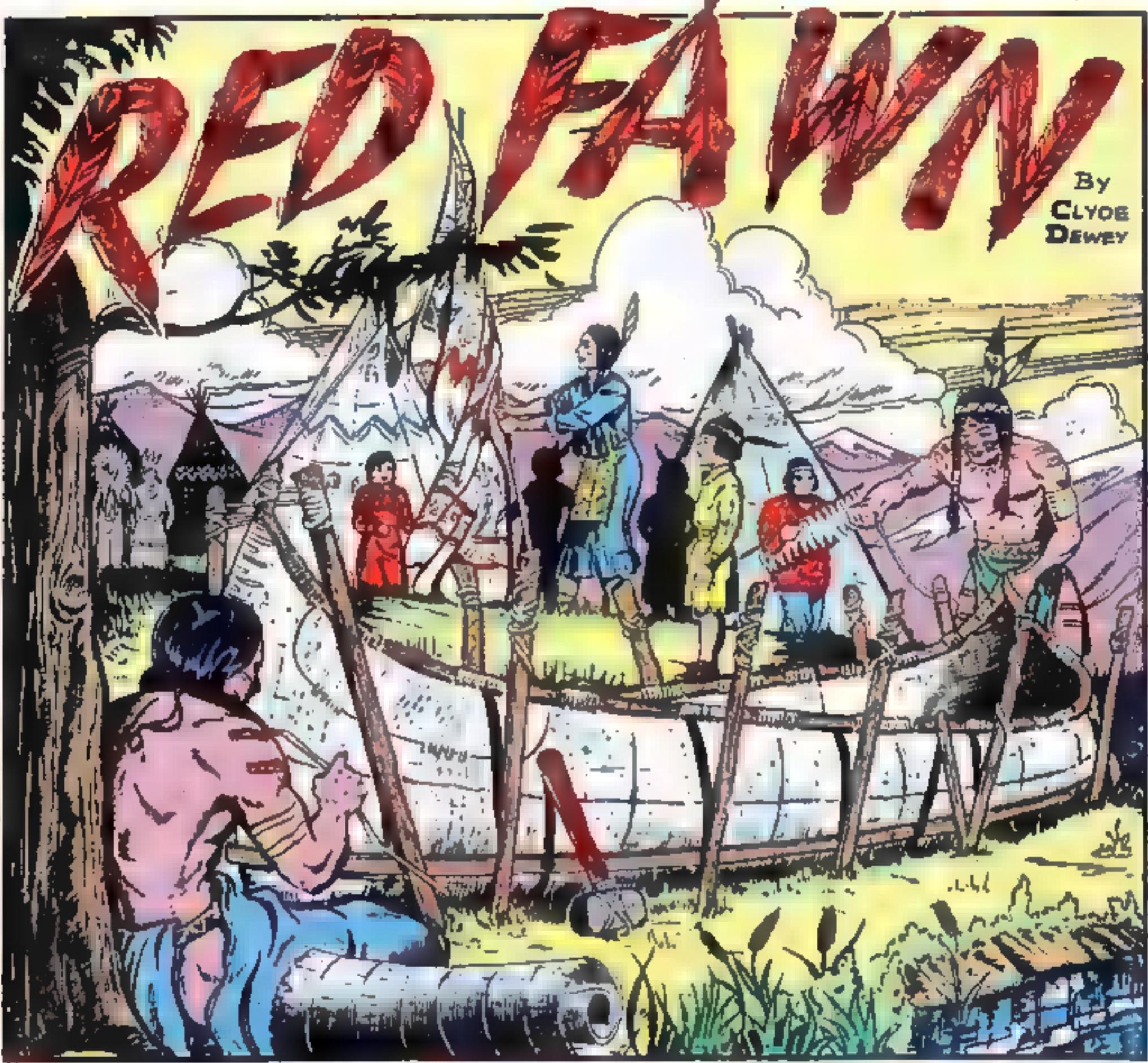
LATER...

HO, BRIGHT ARROW,
YOU HAVE SAVED OUR
VILLAGE FROM GREAT
EVIL... BLACK FOX WILL
EAT CURSES FOR
MANY A MOON!

YES, WE HAVE FOUGHT FOR
PEACE AND WON IT... BUT
FOR HOW LONG, MY BROTHERS -
HOW LONG?



MANZAR RIDES AGAIN IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
INDIANS!



SOON THE WINTER WINDS WOULD HOWL THE PLAINS THE TAWAKONI TRIBE CALLED HOME... NOW MUST THE DEER BE HUNTED, THE BISON SPEARED FOR FOOD AND SKINS, THE TEEPEES LINED WITH NEW-TANNED FURS TO GIVE THEM SHELTER FROM THE ICY BLASTS THAT SOON WOULD SWEEP THE LAND... BUT ONE YOUNG MAIDEN CARED NAUGHT FOR WOMAN'S WORK, INSTEAD SHE YEARNED TO ROAM THE PLAINS WITH THE STALKERS OF THE DEER.. AND AS *RED FAWN* LISTENED TO THE ANCIENT ONE, SHE WHISPERED TO HER TIMID FRIEND...

"PAH! IS OUR LOT TO BE NOTHING BUT COOKING, SEWING, AND MAKING WIGWAMS? COME, SNOW MAIDEN, FOLLOW ME WITH SILENT FEET!"



AH, HER BACK TURNED TO US,
NOW IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE
HER PRATTLING TONGUE! TREAD
SOFTLY, SNOW MAIDEN, HEAD FOR
THE RIVER...

THERE, WE DID IT! NOW
QUICKLY, WE MUST FIND
THE CRAFT I HID IN THE
REEDS. THEN WE WILL
JOIN THE HUNTING PARTY
ON THE ISLAND!

I - I LIKE THIS
NOT, RED FAWN!
MY HEART IS
FILLED WITH
FEAR!

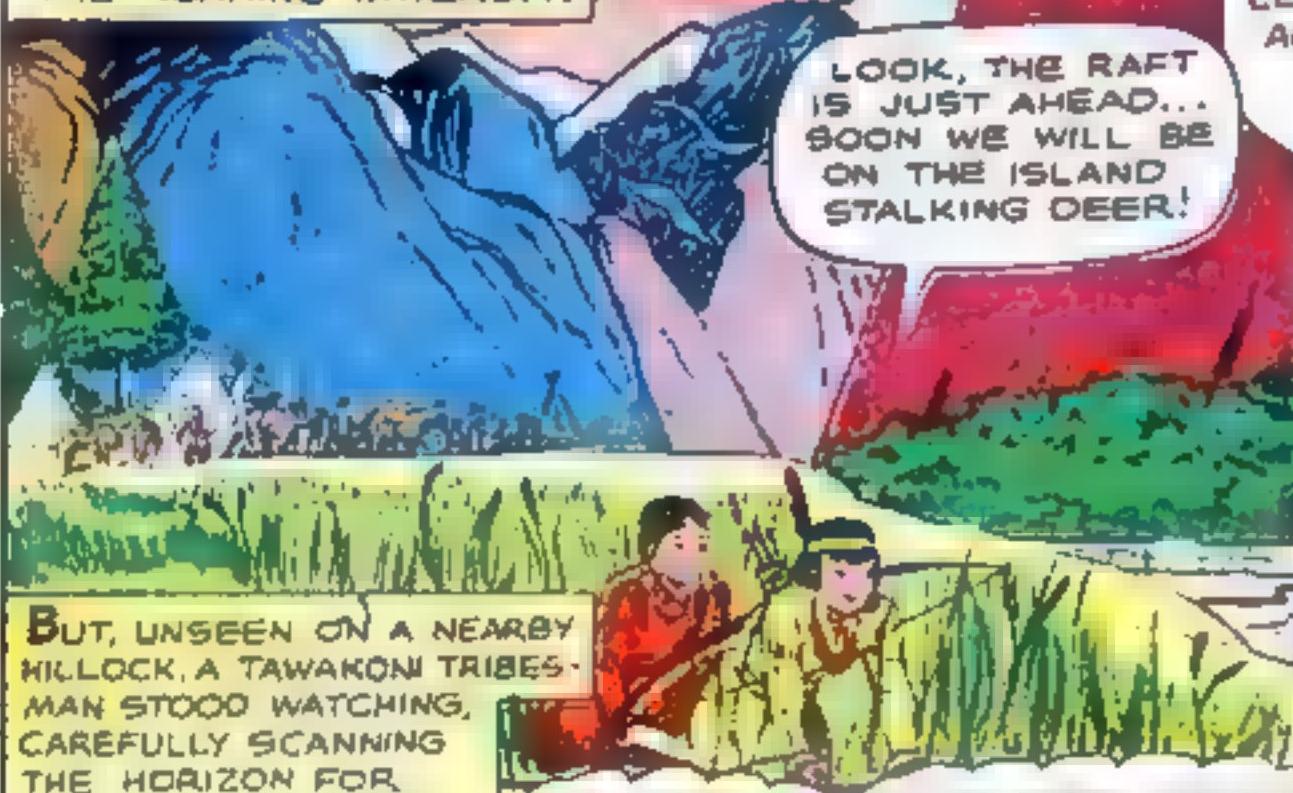


BUT RED FAWN'S SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE
WAS NOT TO BE DENIED, AND SOON, TWO
TINY FIGURES STEALTHILY APPROACHED
THE ROARING WATERS...

LOOK, THE RAFT
IS JUST AHEAD...
SOON WE WILL BE
ON THE ISLAND
STALKING DEER!

WAIT! OUR
PUNISHMENT
WOULD BE GREAT-
LET US RETURN
AND LEARN OF
TEEPEE
MAKING!

NO, THEY COULD
NOT PUNISH US
IF WE BAG A
DEER, COULD
THEY? COME, I
WILL GUARD
YOU WELL!



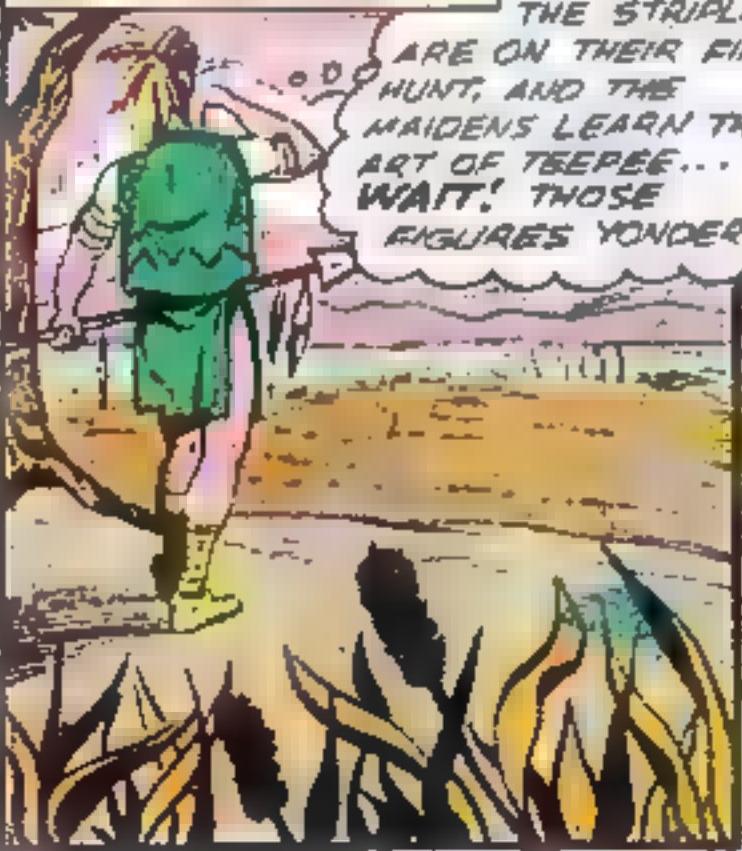
BUT, UNSEEN ON A NEARBY
HILLOCK, A TAWAKONI TRIBES-
MAN STOOD WATCHING,
CAREFULLY SCANNING
THE HORIZON FOR
RAIDERS THAT MIGHT
ATTACK HIS VILLAGE...

ALL APPEARS
PEACEFUL.
THE STRIPLINGS
ARE ON THEIR FIRST
HUNT, AND THE
MAIDENS LEARN THE
ART OF TEEPEE...
WAIT! THOSE
FIGURES YONDER...

DO MY EYES DECEIVE
ME? TWO FIGURES-
MAIDENS WEARING
THE TAWAKONI DRESS.
I MUST WARN THEM,
FOR THEY KNOW NOT
THE FOREST'S
DANGERS!

HO, SMALL ONES -

LOOK,
RED FAWN-
WE ARE
DISCOVERED.
WHAT EVER
WILL WE DO
NOW?



I—I AM NOT TOO SURE
MYSELF, SNOW MAIDEN!
G—GREETINGS, LONE—
EAGLE. THERE WAS
NOTHING TO DO AT CAMP,
SO WE THOUGHT WE
WOULD HUNT THE DEER...

HUNT? NOTHING TO DO?
GO SMALL ONES, RETURN
TO YOUR TASK OF SEWING
SKINS FOR TEEPEES!

NO—NO, I AM RED FAWN—
AND MY SHAFT CAN WING
THE ARROW AS WELL AS
ANY TAWAKONI BRAVE!



YOU RETURN, LONE EAGLE—
SAY WE HUNT FOR FOOD!
QUICKLY, NOW, SNOW MAIDEN—
POLE INTO THE STREAM!

COME BACK, COME BACK, OR A
HUNDRED LASHES OF THE WILLOW—
REEF WILL BE YOUR PUNISHMENT!



HE BABBLER
ANGRILY, BUT
NEVER COULD
HE CATCH US!
FASTER, POLE
FASTER!



THEN COME, AND LET STEALTH
BE OUR ALLY! REMEMBER,
WHEN A TAWAKONI WANDERS
OUT OF SIGHT OF HIS PARTY, MAKE
HIM CAPTIVE WITHOUT A
SOUND!

AND AS
THE RIVER
SEIZED THEIR
CRAFT AND THEIR
CARRIED THEM
CLOSER TO THE
ISLAND; OTHERS
LAY HIDDEN IN
THE BRUSH
SEEKING EVER
TAWAKONI
HUNTERS...

USE CAUTION—FOR
WE COMANCHES ARE
BUT A HANDFUL
AGAINST THE
TAWAKONI.



AYE, BUT WE ARE FULL
FLEDGED WARRIORS,
WHILE THEY ARE ONLY
STRIPLINGS. AH, I
SIGHT THEIR PARTY...



AND AS THE COMANCHES GHOSTED SILENTLY THROUGH THE FOREST, THE YOUNG TAWAKONIS OF THE "HUNTERS SOCIETY" LISTENED EAGERLY TO THEIR INSTRUCTOR...

YOU WOULD BE HUNTERS, BUT YOU LET YOUR SHAFT SWING THUS? WHY, NOT ONE OF YOU HAS HIT A VITAL ORGAN ON THE TARGET! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO SHOOT.



...AND THAT IS HOW TO PROPERLY SIGHT YOUR QUARRY... OBSERVE WELL THE DRAWING I WILL MAKE...

HAI! HAI! I HAVE FOUND THE SPOOR OF DEER! THEY GRAZE BUT A STONE'S THROW YONDER!

NOTICE HOW YOUR EYE AIDS DOWN, WHILE THE ARROW'S PATH IS... HARK! WHO CALLS?

ARROW PATH
EYE PATH

FEET WELL APART, YOUR LEFT SIDE FACING THE TARGET... NOW NOTCH YOUR BARB AND PULL BACK SLOWLY UNTIL YOUR RIGHT HAND TOUCHES YOUR JAWBONE... AH, MUCH BETTER, BUT THERE IS STILL THE MOST IMPORTANT PART TO LEARN.

THEN THE TIME HAS COME TO TEST THE YOUNG ONES' SKILL! STALK SOFTLY, AND SKINS AND FOOD SHALL SOON BE OURS!



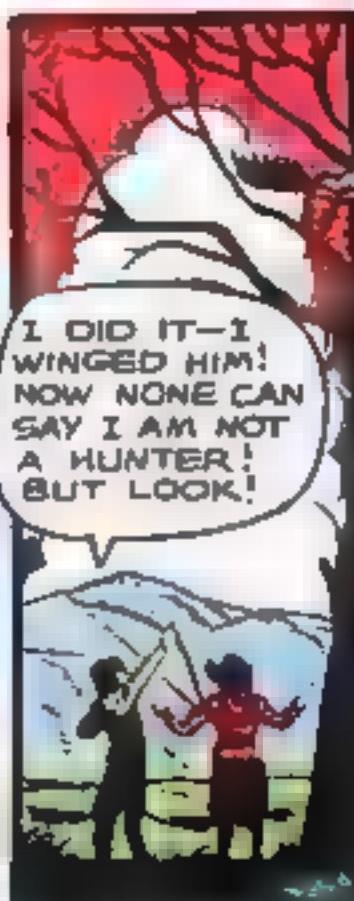
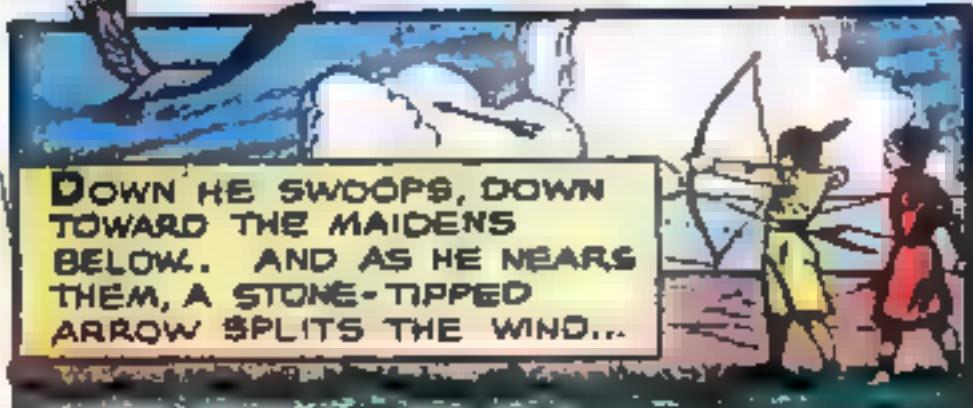
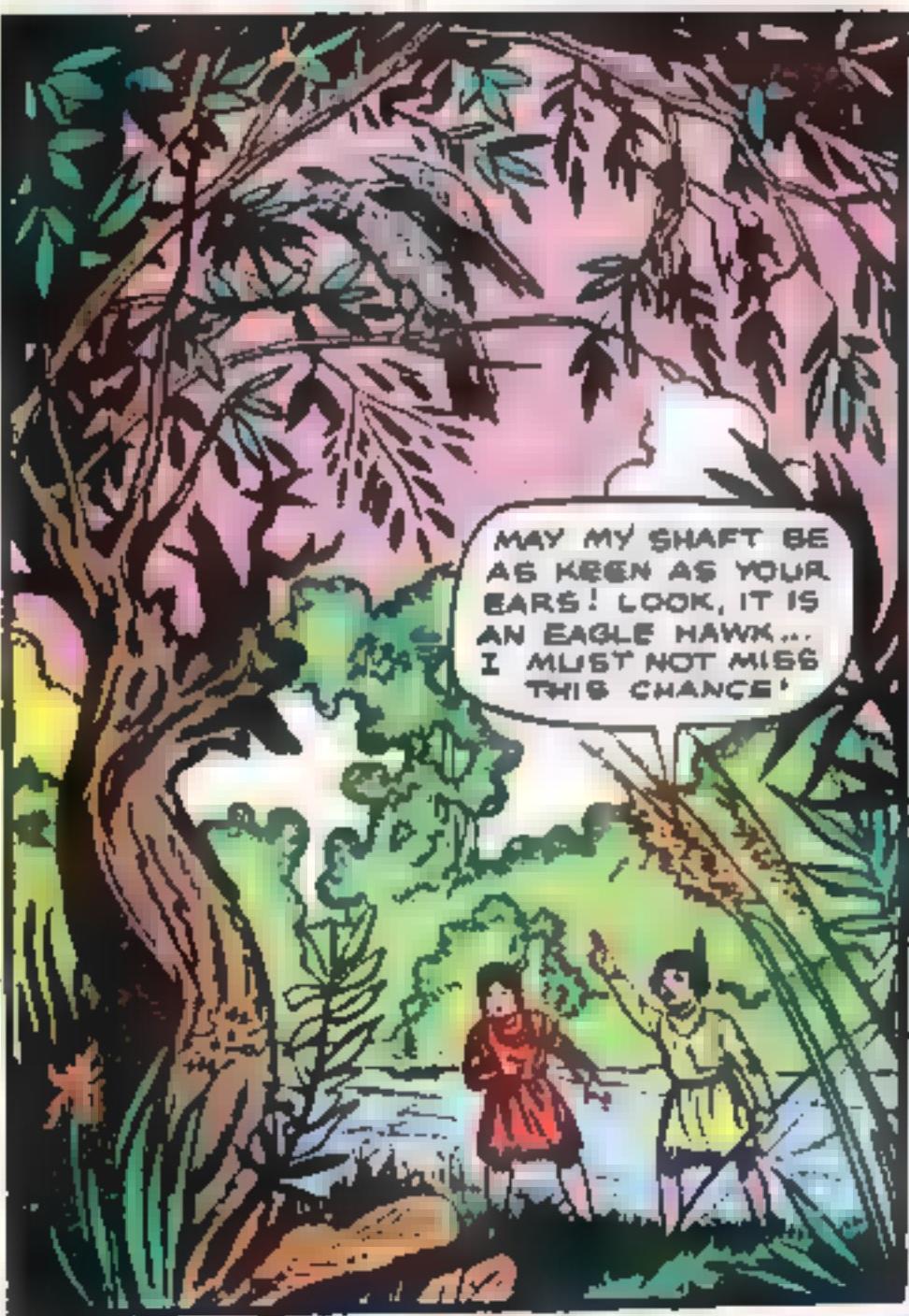
MEANWHILE, TWO SMALL FIGURES
BEACH THEIR LOG RAFT...

DANGER IN THE AIR,
RED FAWN, I CAN
SMELL IT! LET US
RETURN WHILE THERE
IS STILL TIME!

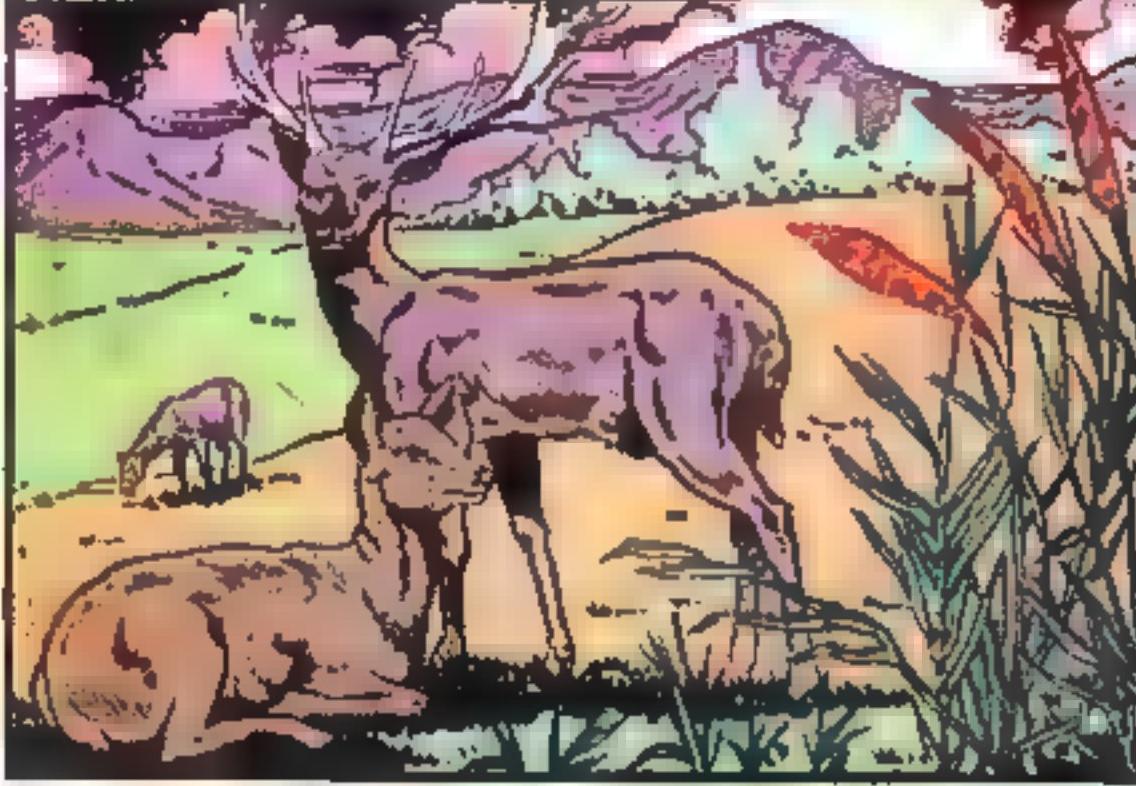
PAH! NOW YOU TALK
LIKE AN OLD WOMAN
TENDING FIRES! WE
CAME TO HUNT, AND I
WILL NOT RETURN TILL
I HAVE BAGGED A PRIZE!
WOULD YOU NOT ALSO
LIKE TO DO THE SAME,
SNOW MAIDEN?

WOULD YOU NOT
ENJOY THE ENVIOUS
EYES THE YOUNG
HUNTERS WOULD
CAST YOUR WAY?

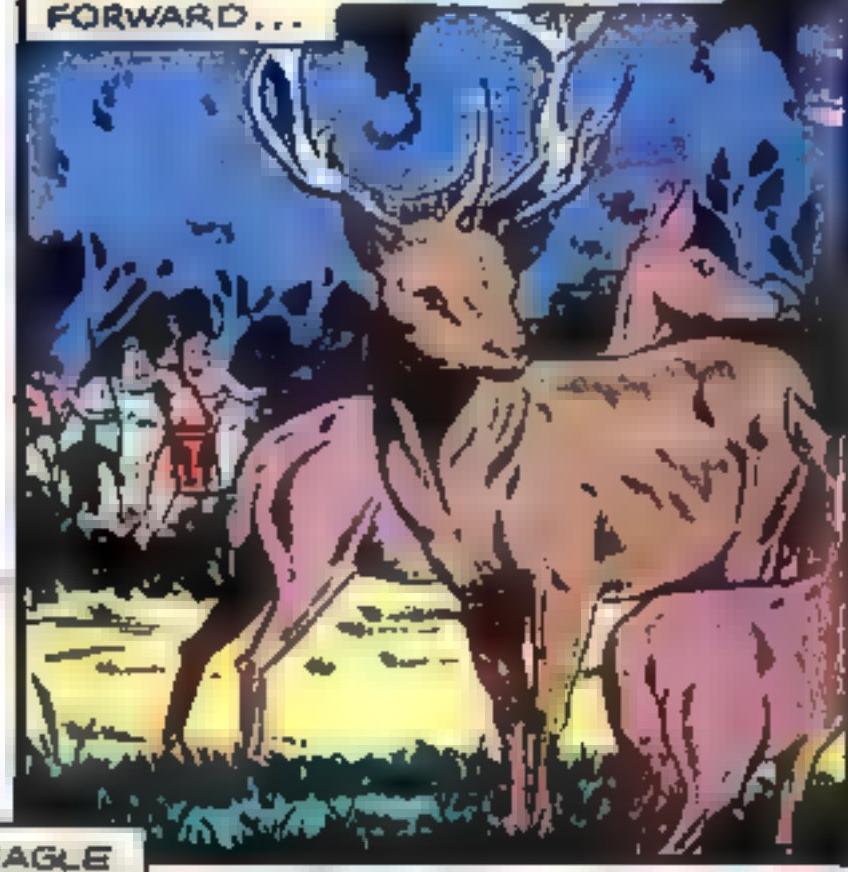
I - I GUESS SO,
RED FAWN... BUT
I AM STILL
FRIGHTENED!
L-LISTEN! THAT
NOISE IN THE
TREE TOPS!
WHAT...



WHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT, A DEER HERD GRAZES QUIETLY IN A VALLEY, WITH THEIR HORNED BUCK LEADER EVER ON THE GUARD FOR DANGER...



BUT THE WIND IS AGAINST HIM, AND HE DOES NOT SENSE THE TAWAKONI TRIBESMEN WHO SILENTLY PAD FORWARD...



THEN GREAT BOWS TAUT... READY TO WING THEIR BARBS OF DEATH...

BUT SUDDENLY AN EAGLE PLUMMETS EARTHWARD! INSTANTLY THE BUCK LEADER SOUNDS A WARNING, AND SWIFT AS THE WIND THEY OWE TO THE NEARBY FOLIAGE!



AND AS THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHELTERING FOREST, A SHOUT RINGS OUT...

THERE IT IS, SNOW MAIDEN—THE EAGLE-HAWK IS MINE!

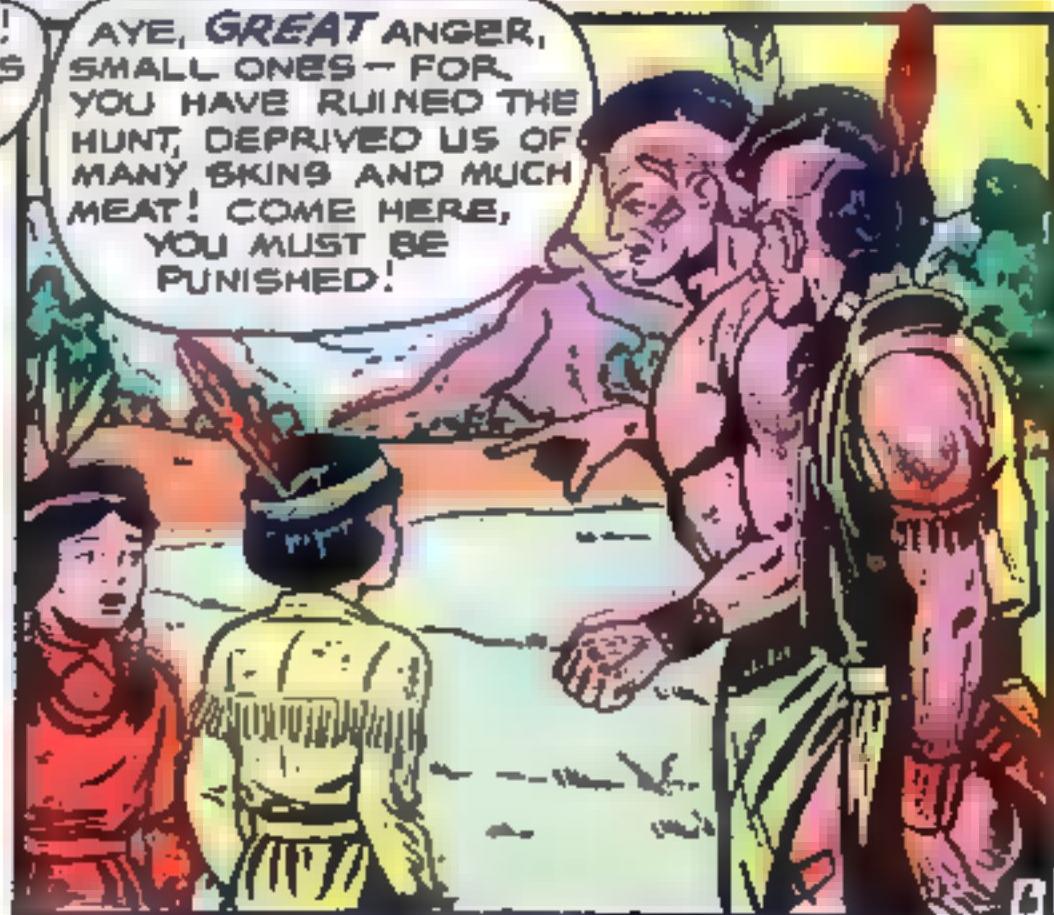


JUST WAIT TILL I SHOW THEM THIS AT CAMP! I CAN HEAR THEM NOW—THEY WILL SAY RED FAWN IS TRULY A HUNTER AND...

LOOK, RED FAWN! LOOK WHO COMES WITH ANGER ON HIS FACE!



AYE, GREAT ANGER, SMALL ONES—FOR YOU HAVE RUINED THE HUNT, DEPRIVED US OF MANY SKINS AND MUCH MEAT! COME HERE, YOU MUST BE PUNISHED!



AH, I HAVE THIS VIXEN!
QUICKLY NOW, SLASH
ME A WILLOW REED...

BUT LOOK... THE
ONE CALLED
RED FAWN FLEES!
AFTER HER!

DEEP INTO THE FOREST RACES
THE LITTLE MAIDEN—AND NOT
FOR NOTHING IS SHE NAMED
RED FAWN, FOR THOUGH HER
STEPS ARE SMALL, SHE IS AS
FLEET AS THE DEER ITSELF!

THE SOUNDS OF
PURSUIT GROW DIMAS
ON SHE SPEEDS,
UNTIL AT LAST, A
HUGE LOG BLOCKS
HER PATH. AND AS
SHE HURLES
OVER, UNSEEN IS
THE WARRIOR
CROUCHED
BEHIND IT...



GOOD! NOW BIND
GAG HER, THEN WE WILL
ONCE MORE STALK THE
TAWAKONI!

STALK MY TRICEMEN? NO,
YOU WILL NOT DO IT —
RED FAWN WILL STOP
YOU!

HOO! COMANCHE
RAIDERS! COME,

TAWAKONI, PROVE
YOUR METtle IN
BATTLE!

AIEE! SHE KICKS
YOUR THUNDER-
ROD AND MAKES
IT ROAR! HURRY,
SILENCE THIS
WILDCAT!

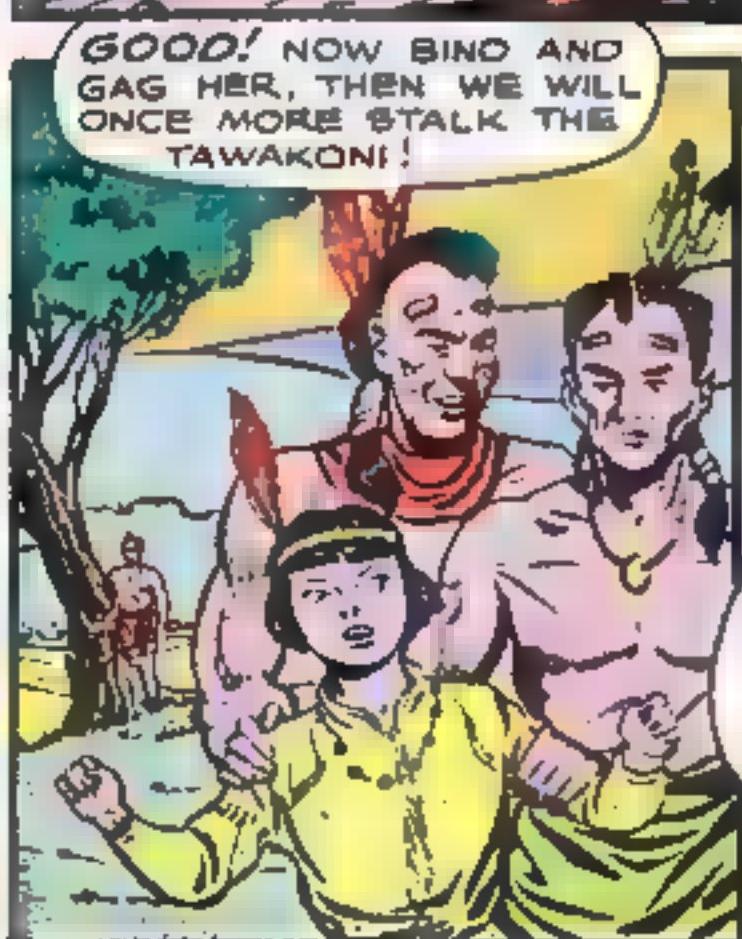


DOWN SHE FALLS, AND A YELP
OF PAIN ESCAPES THE LIPS OF
THE STARTLED COMANCHE
LEADER...

M-MY BACK!
QUICK, SEIZE
HER!



TOO LATE! FOR SURROUNDING
THE COMANCHE RAIDING
PARTY...



THEN TOMAHAWKS FLY, AND WAR WHOOPS ECHO THE FOREST, FOR, WITH SURPRISE NO LONGER THEIR ALLY, THE COMANCHE WARRIORS STAND NO CHANCE...

SURRENDER, THE TAWAKONI ARE TOO MANY!

HAI! A GREAT DAY INDEED! THE HUNT WAS PROSPEROUS BEYOND ALL HOPE!

AYE, WE CAME SEEKING DEER, AND RETURN WITH COMANCHE CAPTIVES!

AND I, TOO, HAVE A CAPTIVE, FRIENDS! LOOK, THE COMANCHE LEADER SURRENDERS TO MY SPEAR!

HOWLING THEIR VICTORY CHANTS, THE TRIUMPHANT TAWAKONI HEAD FOR CAMP... AND LATER, THE VILLAGE ELDERS HUDDLED AROUND A FLICKERING FIRE AND HEARD THE TALE OF RED FAWN'S DEEDS.

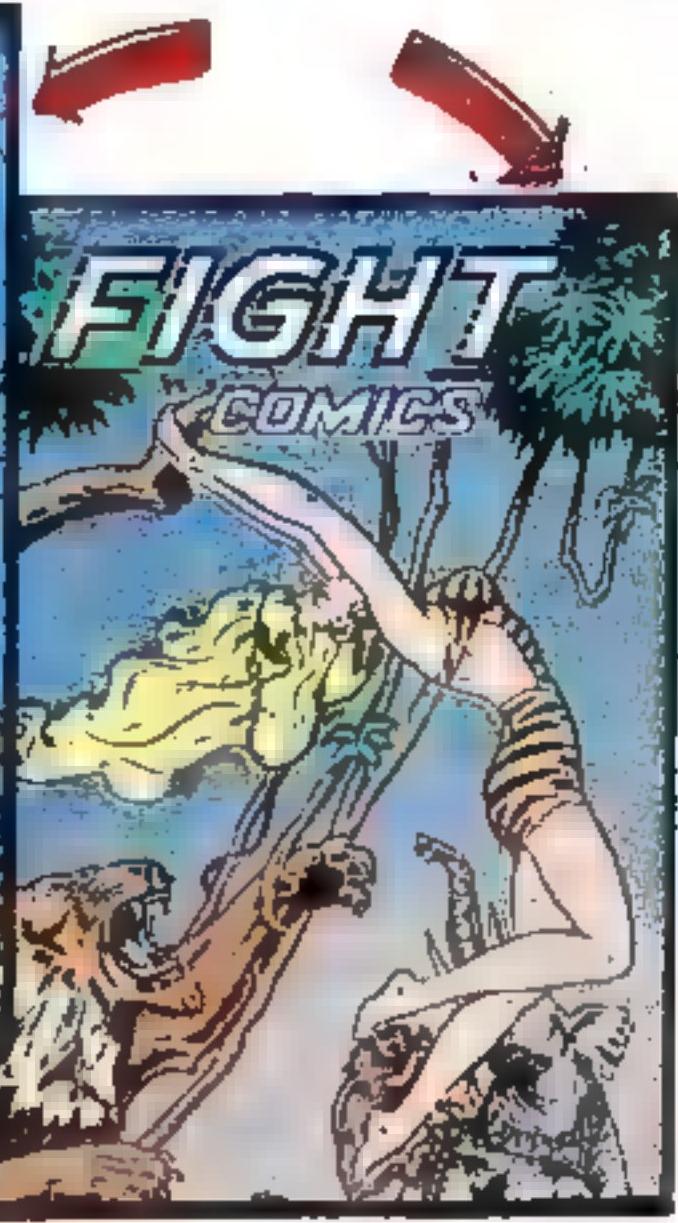
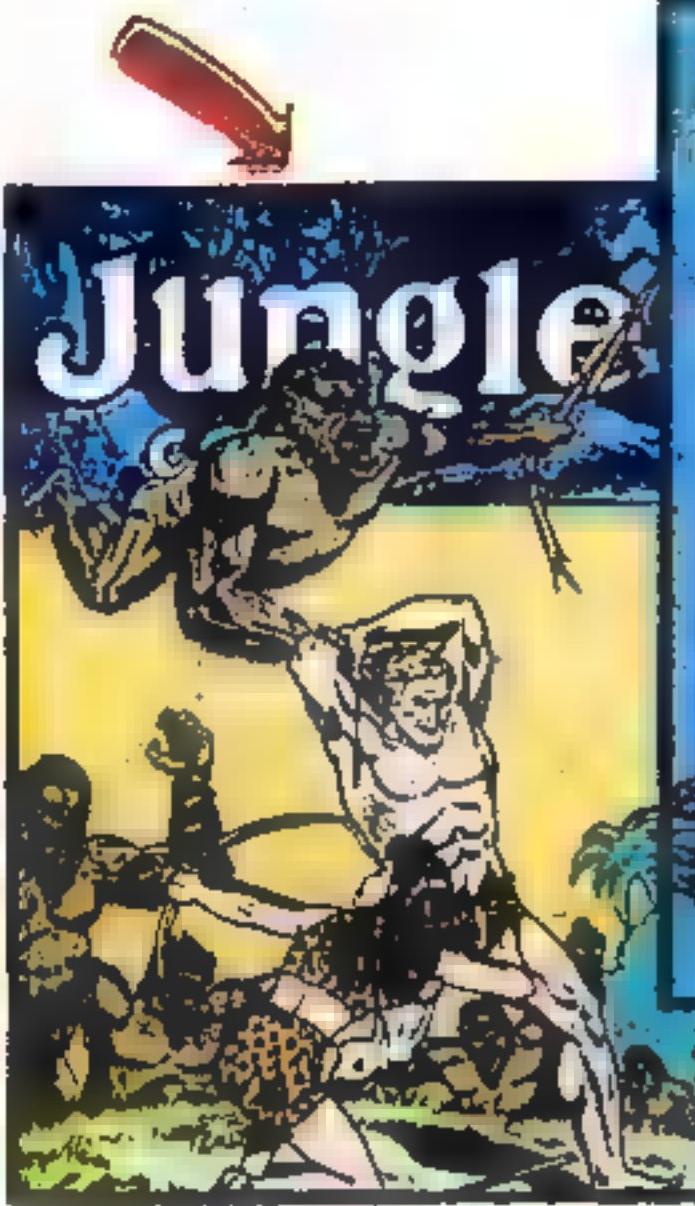
YOU DID WRONG IN RUNNING AWAY AND KNOCKING LONE-EAGLE INTO THE RIVER, RED FAWN...

AYE, TO THE TEEPEE, LITTLE ONE WITH THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE. THIS REED WILL REWARD YOU FIVE TIMES!

HAI! FIVE STINGS OF THE WILLOW REED IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY, FOR I, RED FAWN, HAVE THE PRIZE OF AN EAGLE-HAWK, A CAPTIVE COMANCHE LEADER, AND THE HONOR OF SAVING MY TRIBE... AYE, RED FAWN IS A GREAT HUNTER!

BUT AT THE SAME TIME, WERE IT NOT FOR YOU, THE COMANCHE RAIDERS WOULD HAVE CAPTURED SOME OF OUR STRIPLING HUNTERS... THEREFORE, YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE LIGHT THIS TIME... TAKE HER TO THE TEEPEE.

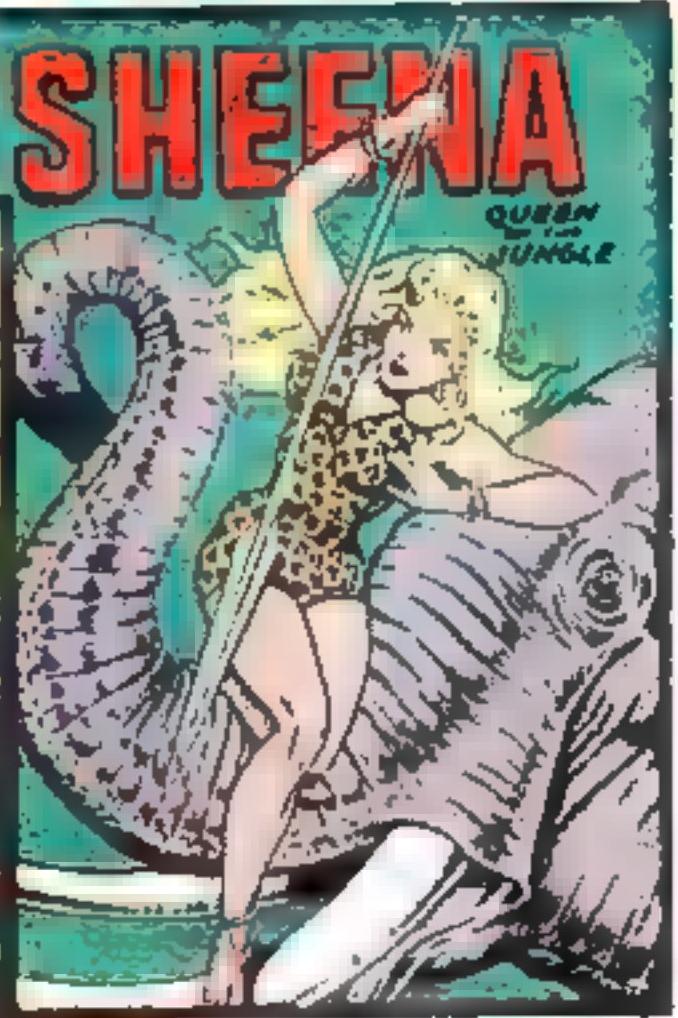
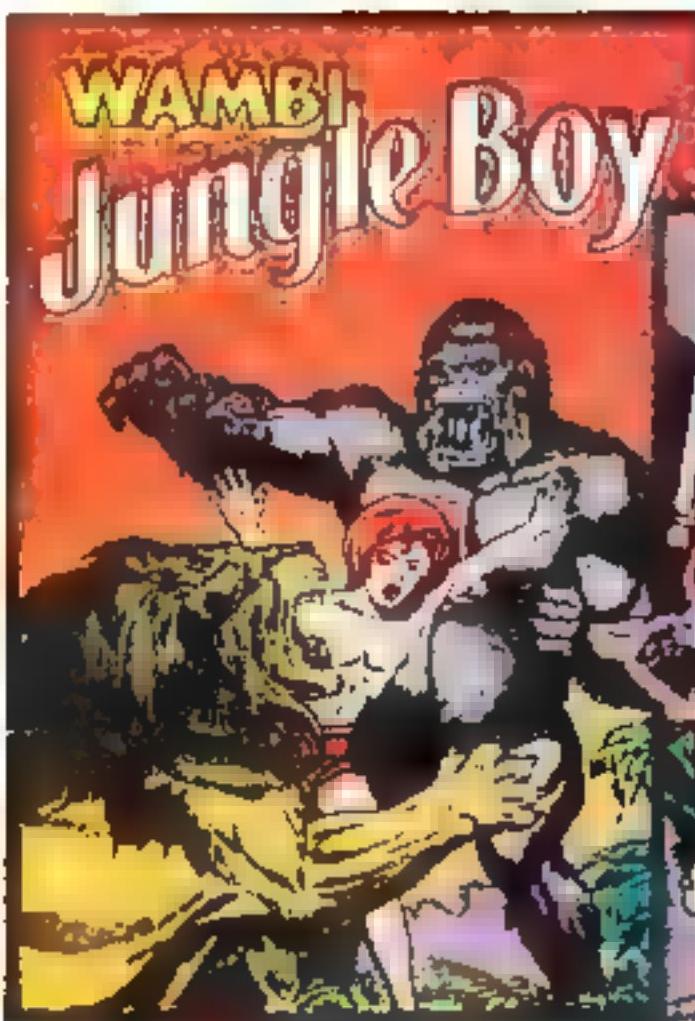
THE END



*Don't guess,
get the best!*

THE BIG
SIX
OF THE COMICS!

*On sale at
all newsstands!*



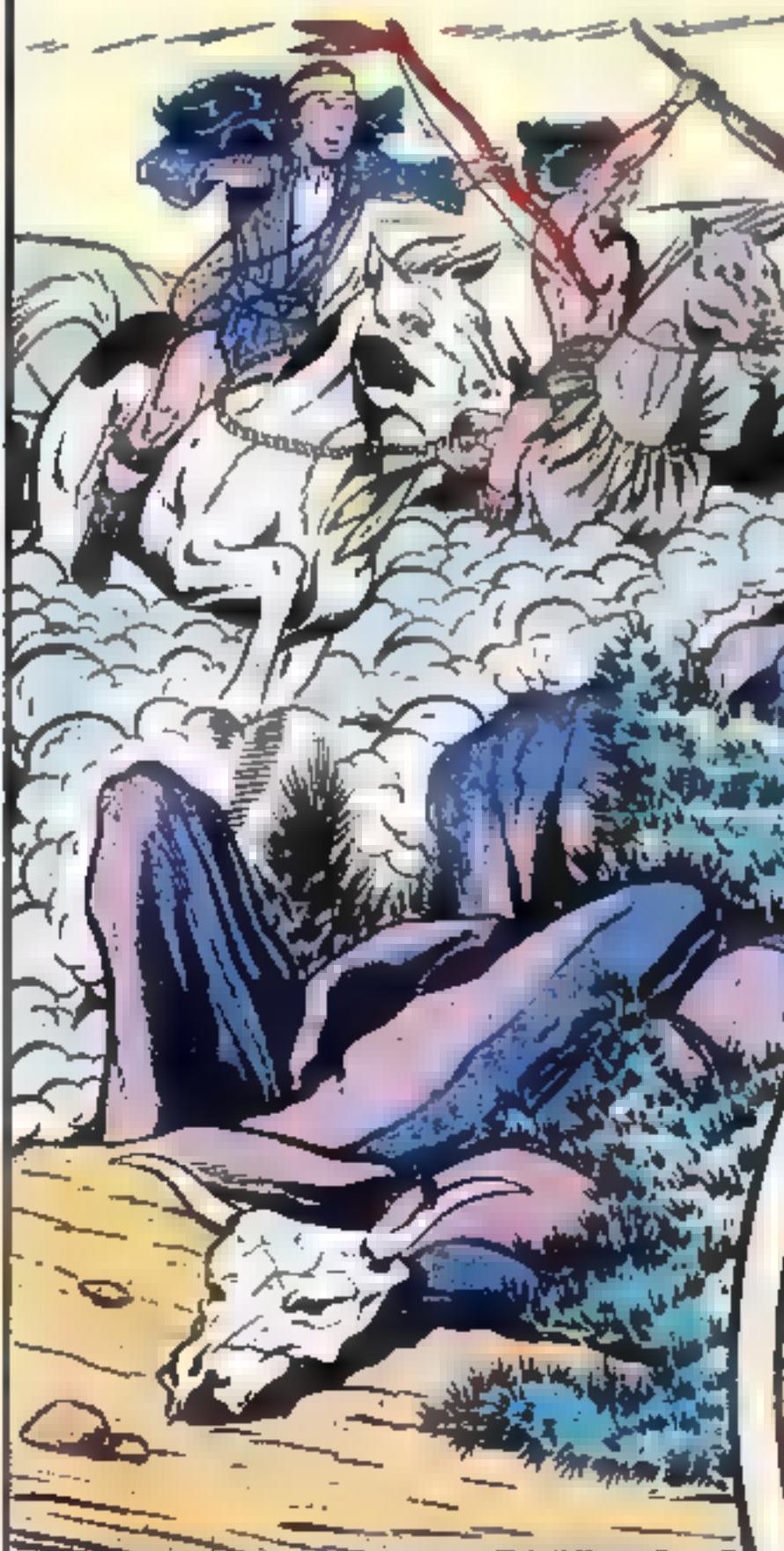
Look for the BULL'S-EYE!



CHIP OF THE PONY EXPRESS

BY
BART
CASSIDY

THE YEAR WAS 1860, AND THE DAY WAS A GREAT DAY IN THE LIFE OF YOUNG CHIP BLAKE... IT WAS HIS BIRTHDAY, AND IT WAS ALSO HIS DAY OF DREAMS... FOR HE WAS WAITING NOW TO RIDE HIS FIRST RELAY FOR THE PONY EXPRESS!



YOUR MAIN TROUBLE, IN THIS GOOD WEATHER, WILL BE THE SAVAGES... AND I GOT JUST TWO WORDS TO SAY ON THEM...



THIS IS IT - MY CHANCE TO SHOW I'M A MAN... CHIP BLAKE RIDING WITH THE BEST MEN IN THE WEST...

HERE Y'ARE! FAST MAIL FROM ST. JOE AND ALL POINTS EAST!



THE WORDS IS KILL 'EM! THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, AND THE ONLY GOOD INJUN IS A DEAD INJUN... THEY'RE TRICKY AS COYOTES... MEAN AS SNAKES -

LOOK! HERE'S MY PICKUP NOW!

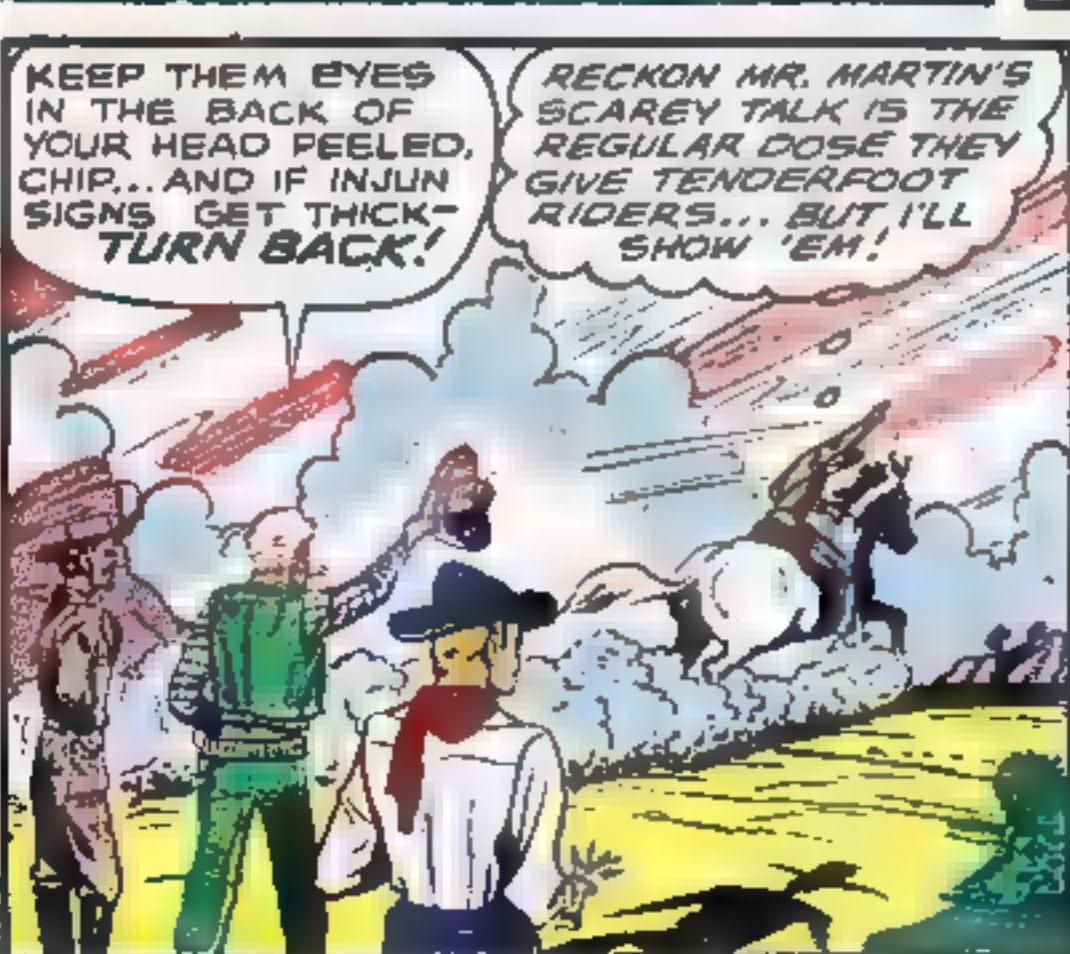


TWENTY POUNDS OF IT, BOY - AT FIVE FAT DOLLARS A LETTER... LATEST NEWS FROM HORACE GREELEY AND ABE LINCOLN AND THE KING OF BOSTON, BOUND FOR CAL-I-FORNIA... AND SHE'S ALL YOURS!



KEEP THEM EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD PEELED, CHIP... AND IF INJUN SIGNS GET THICK- TURN BACK!

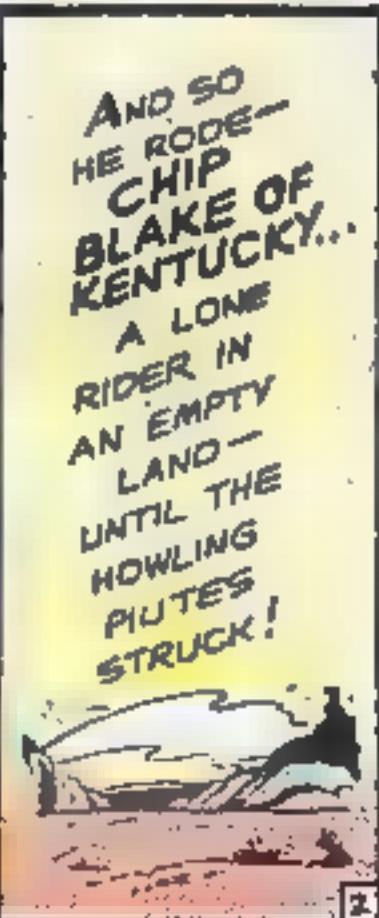
RECKON MR. MARTIN'S SCAREY TALK IS THE REGULAR DOSE THEY GIVE TENDERFOOT RIDERS... BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM!



LET THE INDIANS COME! THIS MAIL GOES THROUGH - AND ALL THE REDSKINS IN NEBRASKA TERRITCRY AIN'T ENOUGH TO STOP IT!



AND SO HE RODE CHIP BLAKE OF KENTUCKY... A LONE RIDER IN AN EMPTY LAND - UNTIL THE HOWLING PIUTES STRUCK!



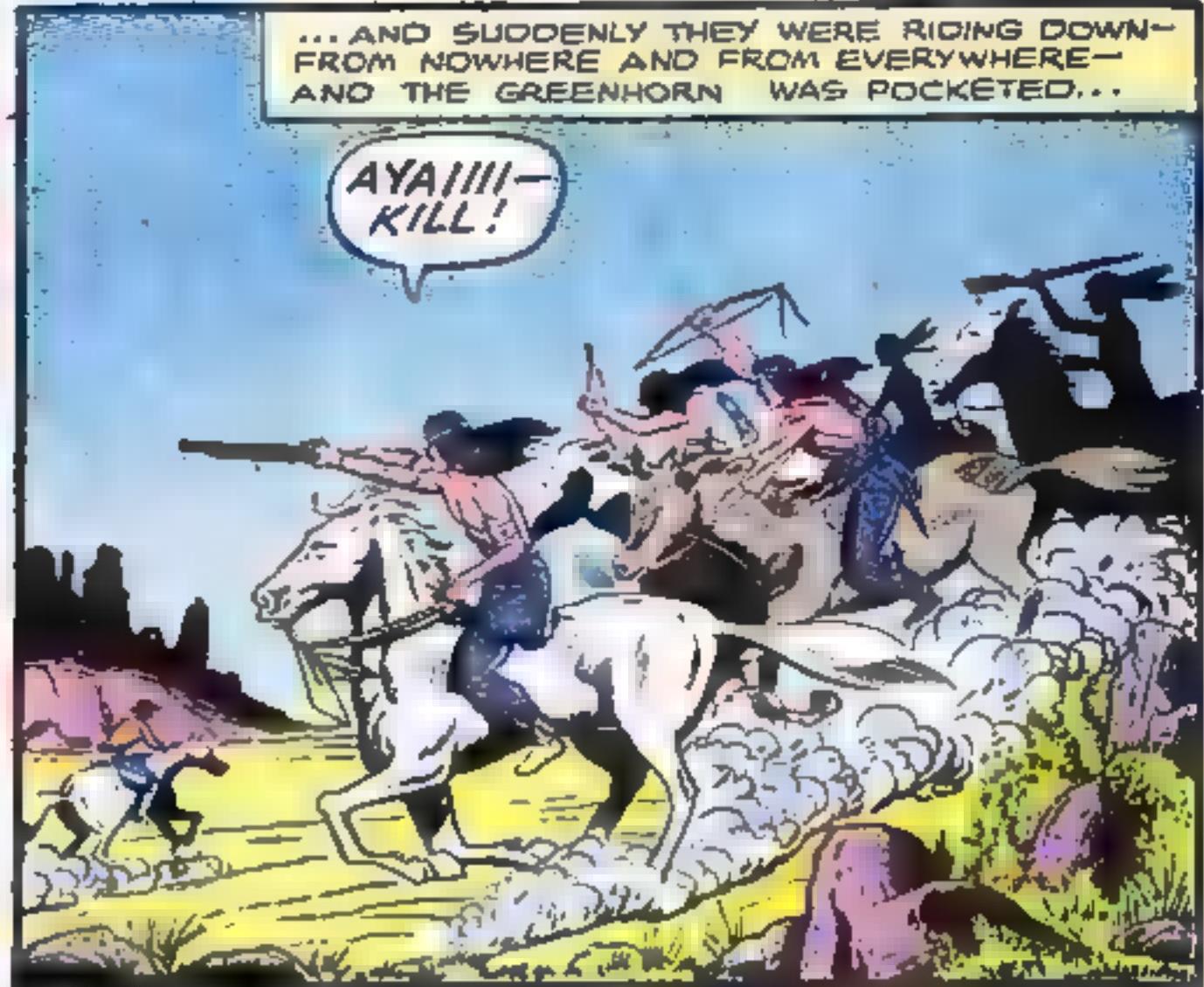
THEY WERE HIDING IN THE
FOOTHILL ROUGHS... ONE
OF CHIEF THREE CLAW'S
DEVIL-BANDS...



GOT US CUT OFF,
HORSE - AND THEIR
ODDS ARE TWENTY
TO ONE!



WITHIN A FEW
STEEP, JAGGED
MILES, THREE-
CLAW'S WILD
PURSUIT WAS
LOST BEHIND...



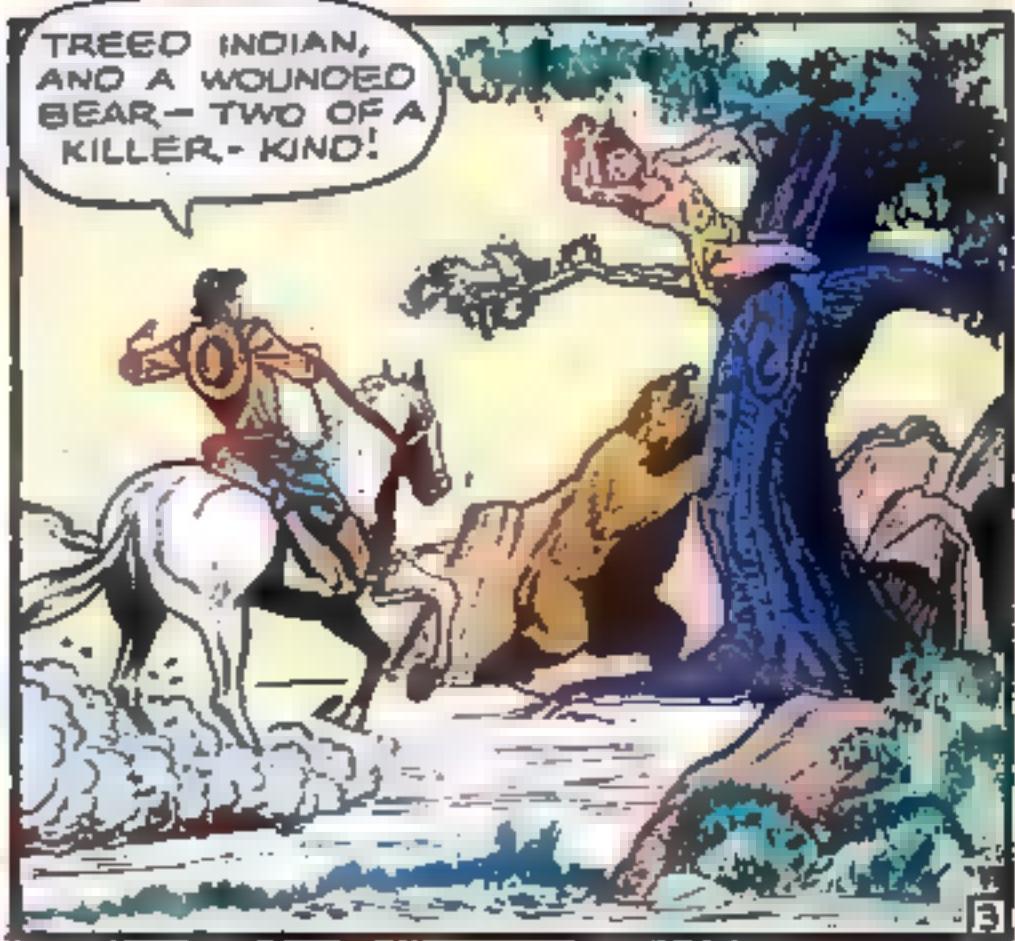
...AND SUDDENLY THEY WERE RIDING DOWN-
FROM NOWHERE AND FROM EVERYWHERE—
AND THE GREENHORN WAS POCKETED...



BUT YOU DID IT,
HORSE - NOT ME!
GOT TO CUT BACK
TO THE TRAIL
NOW... WHOA!
WHAT'S THAT?



TREED INDIAN,
AND A WOUNDED
BEAR - TWO OF A
KILLER-KIND!



AND THE BEAR HAS GOT HIM! ONE LESS YOWLING DEVIL TO RAID AND PLUNDER AND MURDER...

BUT I CAN'T RIDE ON AND LET IT HAPPEN-

MY FOLKS ALWAYS TAUGHT THAT A HUMAN'S A HUMAN—THE BAD AS WELL AS THE GOOD—AND I'LL WASTE ONE BULLET NOW TO BACK THAT NOTION...

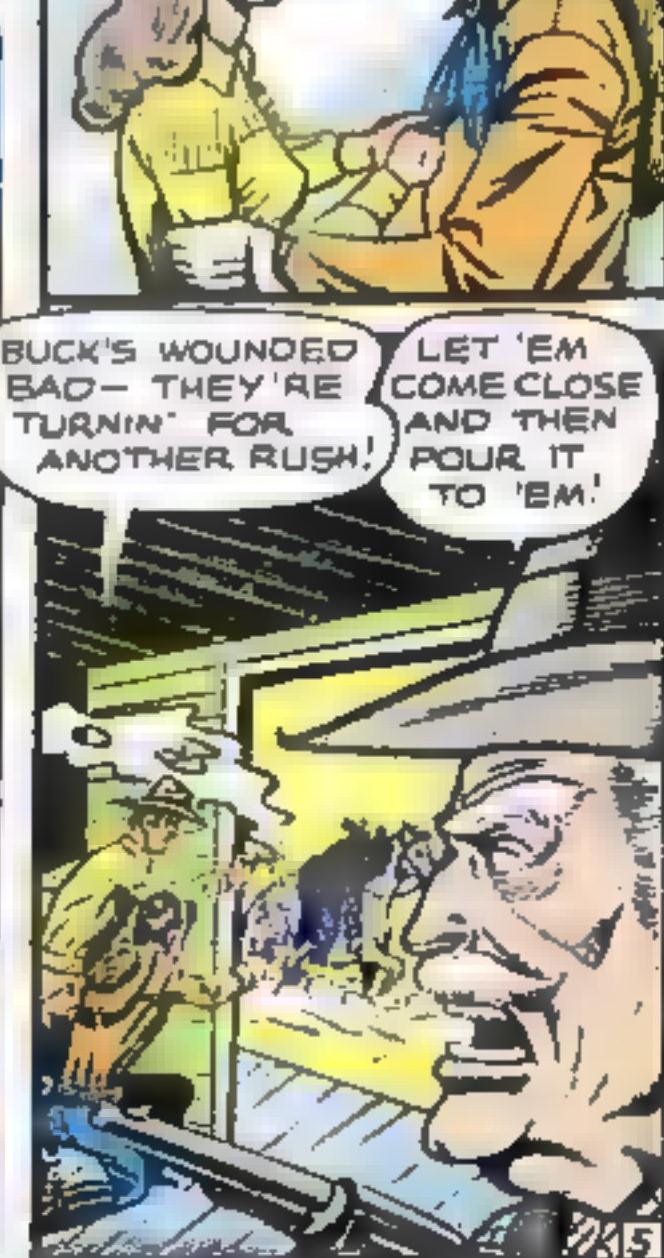
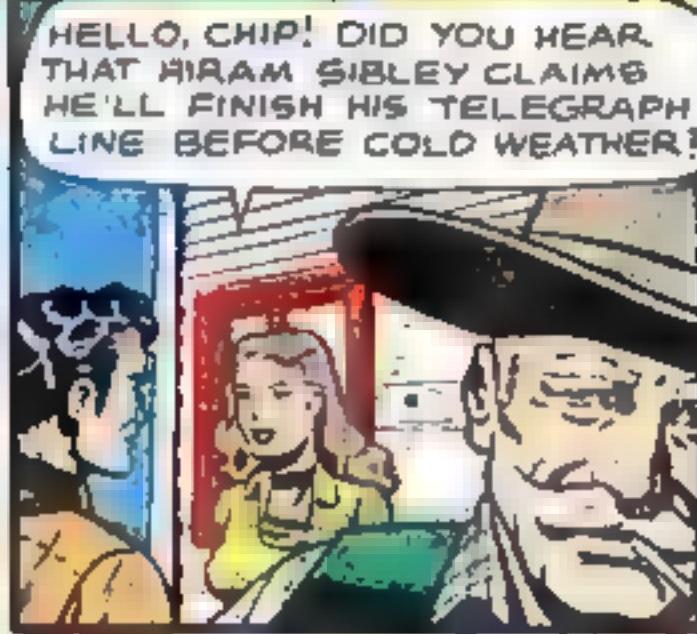
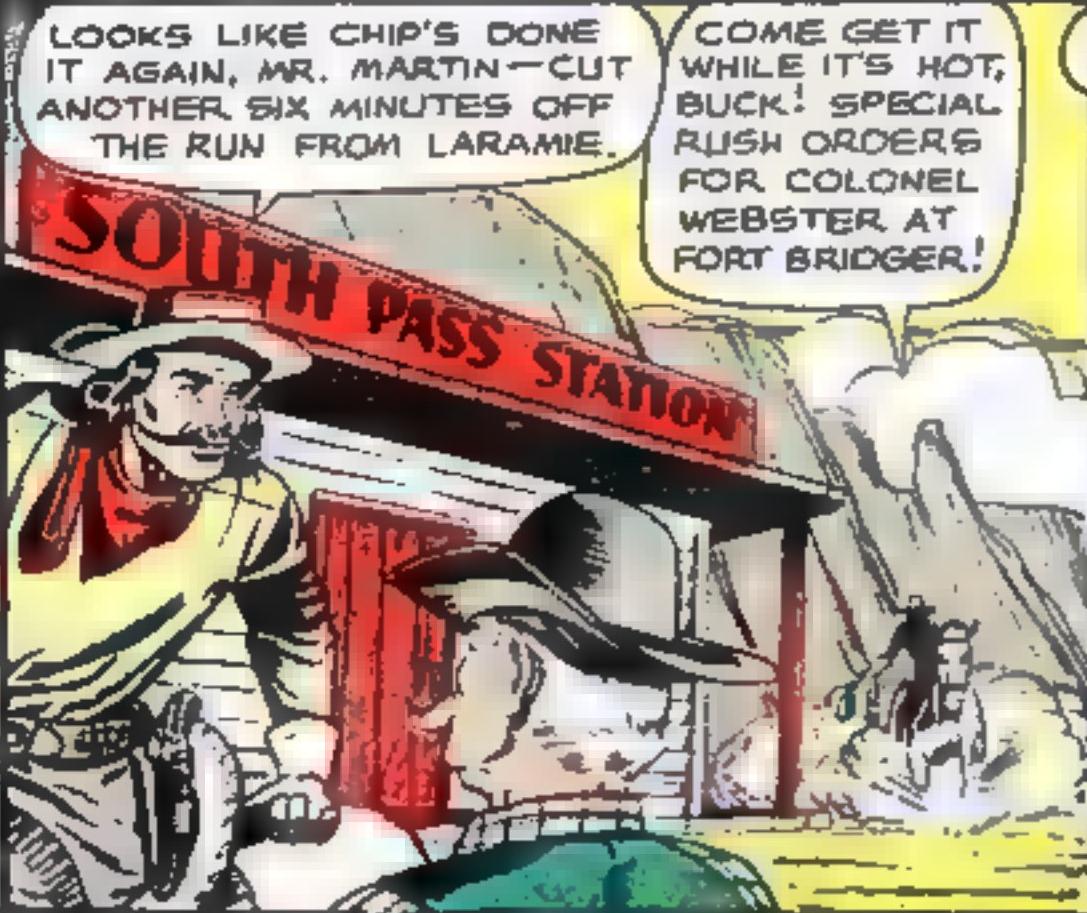
THERE YOU ARE, PIUTE—ONE DEAD BEAR! IT'S MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO YOU AND YOUR KILLER TRIBE!

AND I'M GOING TO FIX THAT ARM OF YOURS—JUST FOR CUSSEDNESS AND LUCK...

JUST TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER NEXT TIME YOUR CAMP STARTS SHARPENING THE SCALP-KNIVES...

SO LONG, PIUTE! TELL YOUR PALS WHO JUST MISSED KILLING ME THAT THEY'RE ALWAYS WELCOME TO A BULLET FROM CHIP BLAKE OF THE PONY EXPRESS!

MONTHS
PASSED.
AND NOW
CHIP
BLAKE
WAS A
VETERAN
OF THE
TRAILS.
ACROSS
THE WEST,
MEN SPOKE
OF HIS
LUCK AND
HIS SKILL
AND HIS
DARING...

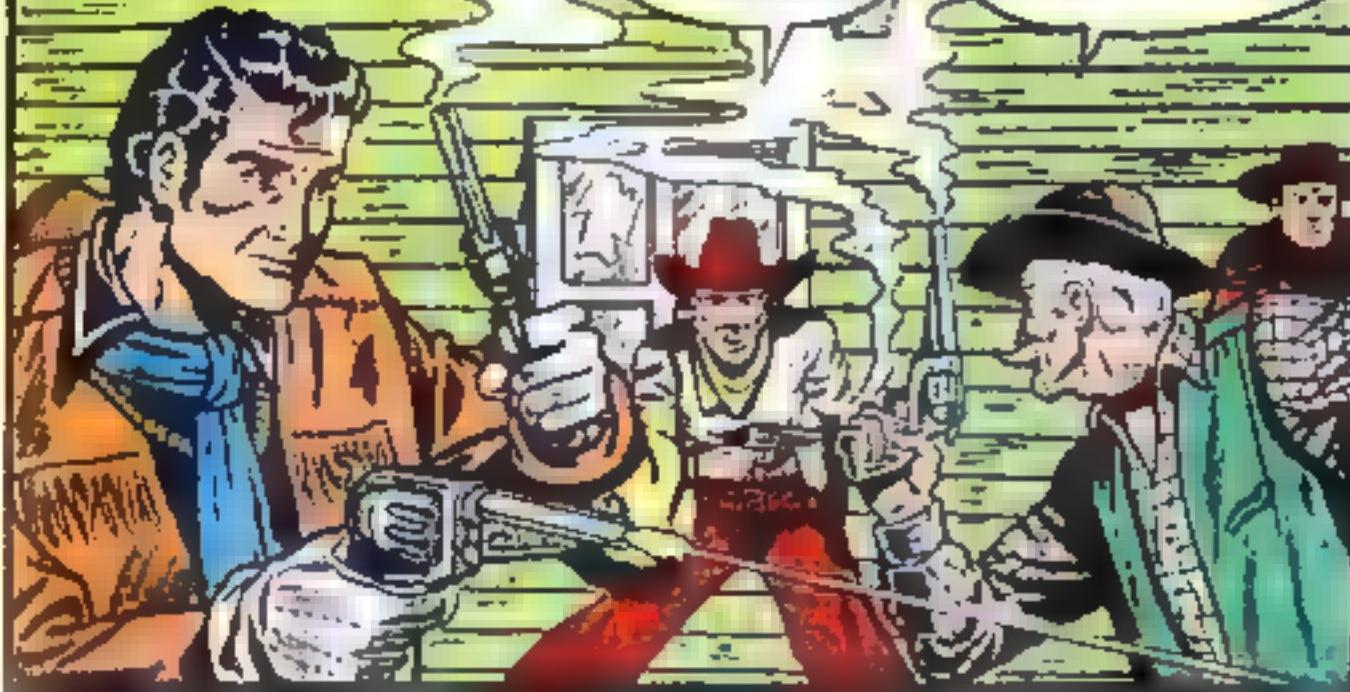


...AND AS THE CHARGE
OF THREE CLAW'S BRAVES
FALTERS IN A HAIL OF
BULLETS...

THEY'RE
HIGH-TAILING!
BUT POOR
BUCK IS
FINISHED,
I RECKON!

GET HIS MAIL
SACK... THOSE
ORDERS FOR
FORT BRIDGER
HAVE GOT TO GO—
AND NOW!

WHO'LL TAKE 'EM? A
HUNDRED DOLLARS—
TWO HUNDRED—
TO THE MAN WHO'LL
RIDE THIS ONE
RELAY!



GUESS
THAT
MEANS
ME,
SALLY!

NO, CHIP—
YOU'RE JUST
OFF YOUR
OWN RUN...
YOU'RE
TIRED...

BUT TWO HUNDRED
DOLLARS IS A BIG MONTH'S
WAGES... AND I GOT A HUNCH
THESE ORDERS MEAN MORE
THAN THE RISK OF WHAT ONE
MAN'S NECK IS WORTH.

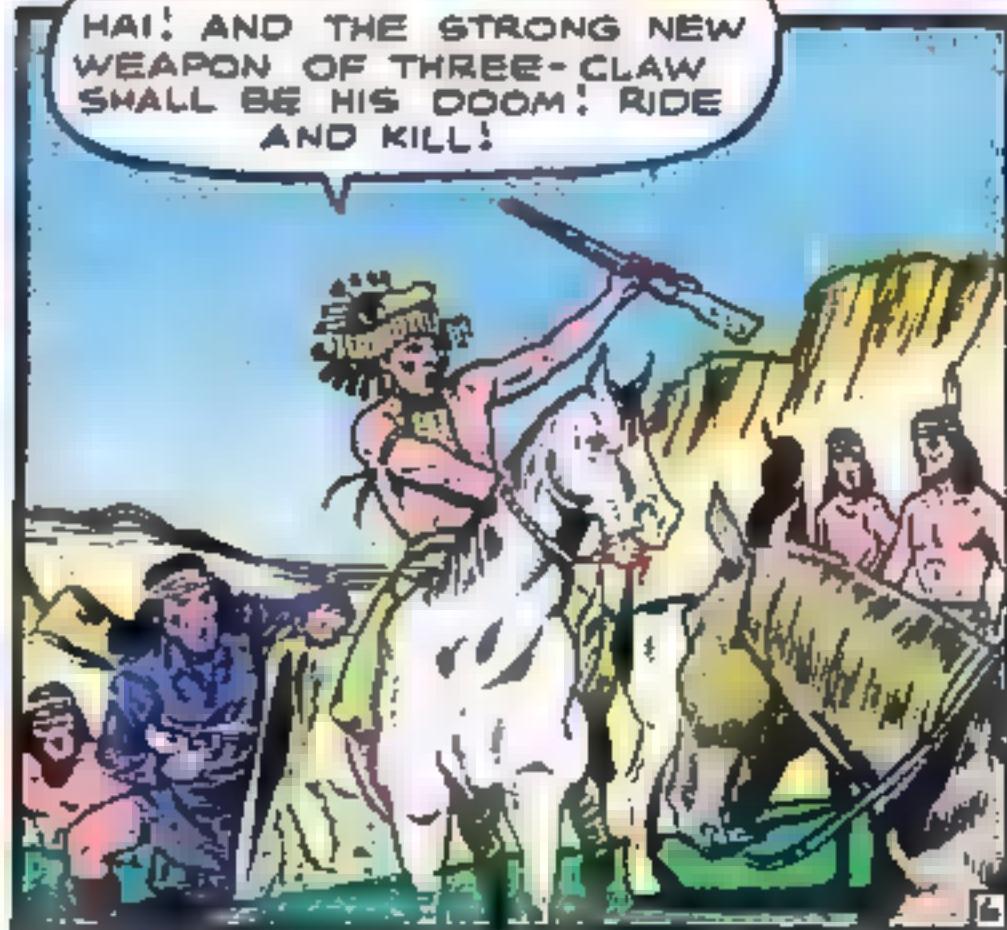
YOU'RE RIGHT, SON... THESE
ORDERS COULD SAVE TEN
LIVES A DAY IF THEY CUT
THE TROOPS LOOSE
AGAINST THE PIUTES.



BUT
CHIP BLAKE'S
LUCK WAS
RUNNING
THIN... FOR
HIGH AMONG
THE WESTERN
CRAGS...

BEHOLD! OTHER
GUNS GO BACK
NOW, AND ONE
RIDER COMES
FAST—ALONE!

HAI! AND THE STRONG NEW
WEAPON OF THREE-CLAW
SHALL BE HIS DOOM! RIDE
AND KILL!



AND THIS TIME THE TRAP WAS SHARP... THEY RODE HIM INTO A PEN OF CLIFFS... AND A NEW POE FACED HIS HORSE AT EVERY TURN...

CAN'T SKIN THROUGH 'EM... ONLY CHANCE IS TO WHEEL AND SHOOT FREE... WHAT'S WRONG, HORSE?

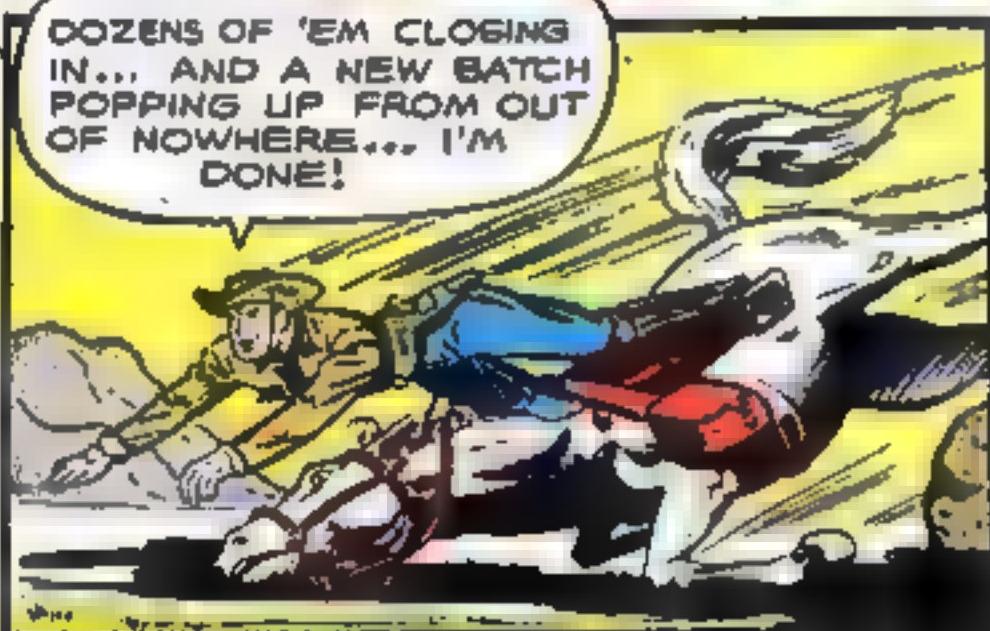


HIS HORSE FALLS! THREE-CLAW SHOOTS THE QUARRY DOWN!

BULLET IN MY HIP... MY LUCK'S FAILED US, SALLY-GIRL...



DOZENS OF 'EM CLOSING IN... AND A NEW BATCH POPPING UP FROM OUT OF NOWHERE... I'M DONE!



BUT I'LL TAKE A FEW ALONG WITH ME... WAIT - THOSE OTHERS - THEY'RE ATTACKING THREE-CLAW!



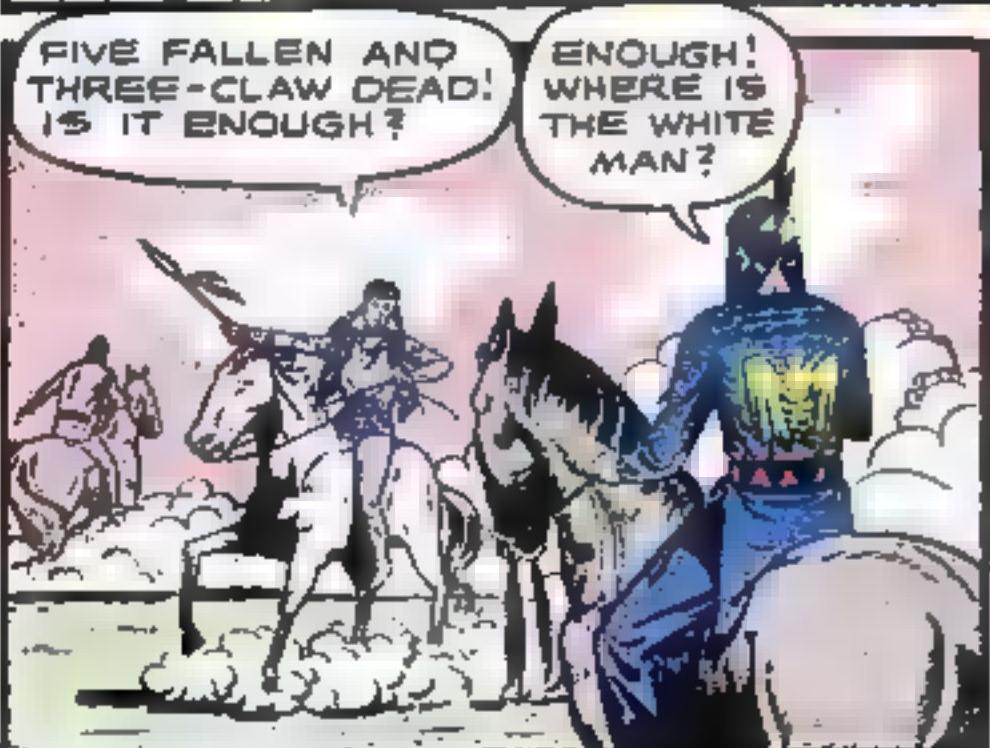
AAH-OOH! AAH-OOH!
YOUR MASTERS COME,
O, PIUTE DOGS!

THE SHOSHOINES,
OF RED HAWK!
FLEE!



FIVE FALLEN AND THREE-CLAW DEAD!
IS IT ENOUGH?

ENOUGH!
WHERE IS
THE WHITE
MAN?



BIND HIS WOUND AND
READY THE POLE-DRAG...
HE HAS FAR TO GO TO
SETTLE HIS DEBT WITH
RED HAWK!



HIS MIND IS EMPTY?
LET IT BE UNKNOWN
TO HIM, THEN, THAT
THE GHOST OF A
DEAD BEAR WALKS
TODAY!



LET IT BE UNKNOWN HOW
SHOSHONE EYES HAVE WATCHED
HIS TRAIL AND KEPT IT SAFE
SINCE HIS ANGRY GUN SPARED
THE LIFE OF RED HAWK!



MILES AHEAD...

HO! HE WAKES! THE
PLACE YOU SEEK IS
BELOW, WHITE MAN,
AND THE DEBT OF
MY SHRIVELED ARM
IS PAID!



YOU DO NOT KNOW THE
TONGUE I SPEAK, SO
LET MY EYES SAY THIS—
MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT
GO WITH YOU AND
BE GOOD TO YOU,
MY FRIEND!



I—I DON'T KNOW,
COLONEL WEBSTER... I
ONLY KNOW THE PIUTES
JUMPED ME — THESE
OTHERS RODE UP —
AND HERE I AM WITH
YOUR SPECIAL ORDERS!

BUT THERE MUST
BE SOME
EXPLANATION!



MINUTES LATER, STARTLED TROOPERS OPENED THE GATES
OF THE FORT TO A STRANGE ARRIVAL — A WILD INDIAN
HORSE THAT HAULED A DAZED AND WOUNDED AND
BEWILDERED MESSENGER OF THE PONY EXPRESS...

FORT BRIDGER



MAYBE IT ALL WILL COME
TO ME LATER... THERE'S A
FACE IN MY MIND THAT I
KNOW I SAW SOMEWHERE...
BUT RIGHT NOW, ALL I CAN
SAY FOR SURE IS THAT
MR. MARTIN IS PLUMB
WRONG ABOUT DEAD
INDIANS BEING THE
ONLY GOOD INDIANS!



OF THE Orphan STORM

BY EMILA JAYNE

THE GREAT FIRE GOO SINKS BEHIND
THE DISTANT HILLS AND PURPLE
SHADOWS CREEP ACROSS OUR PLAINS. SO COME
TO THE FIRESIDE...
LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF WISE
OLD LEGURCHI...

SHARPEN YOUR EARS.
FOR TONIGHT I WILL TELL
YOU THE STORY OF THIS
LITTLE COLT AND HOW HE
BECAME THE NEWEST
MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE...

IT HAPPENED IN THE HIGH COUNTRY. A RUMOR HAD REACHED OUR EARS THAT THE PAWNEES WERE PAINTING FOR WAR. I LED A SCOUTING PARTY TO FIND OUT IF THIS WAS TRUE, AND AFTER THREE DAYS MARCH...



SO FAR, WE HAVE SEEN NO WARRIOR'S TRACKS ON THE SNOW.

THAT IS RIGHT, LEGURCHI. BUT SOMETHING STIRS IN THE VALLEY... LISTEN!

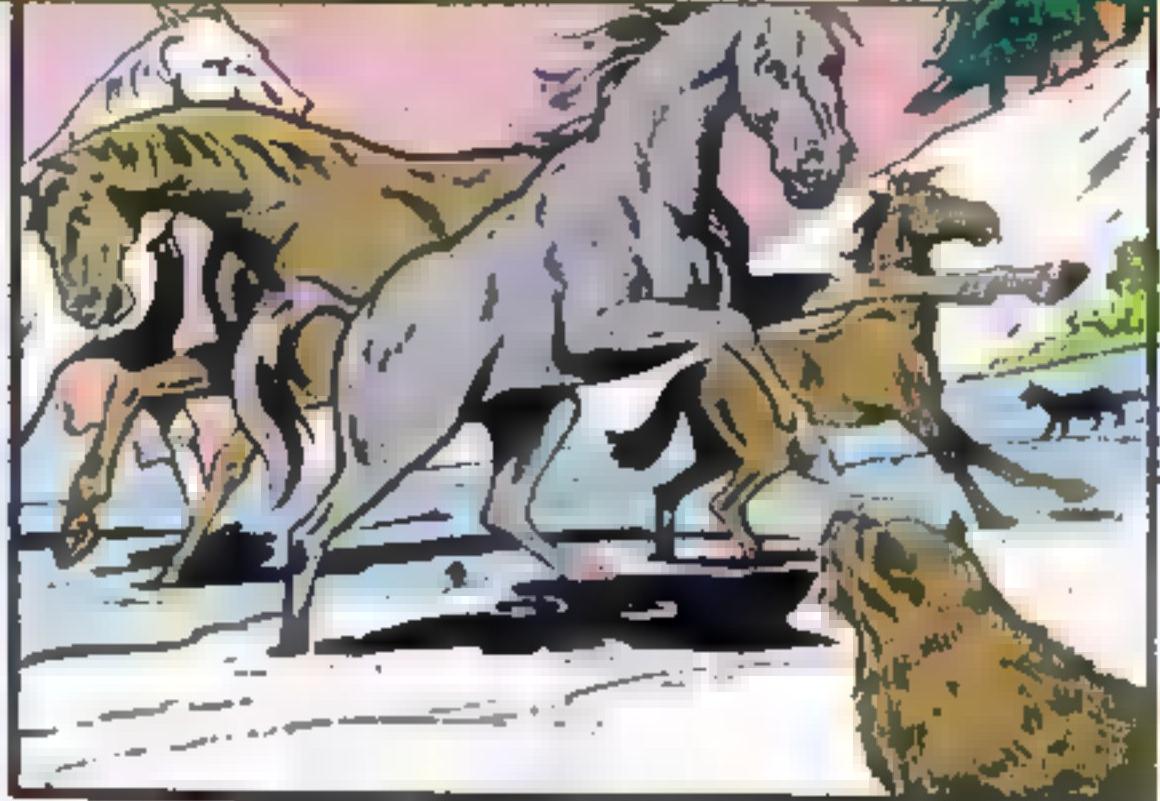


IT IS A WOLF PACK'S HUNTING CRY. THEY HAVE SCENTED THEIR PREY.

YES... AND CORNERED THEM TOO! LOOK - LOOK THERE IN THE GULLY!



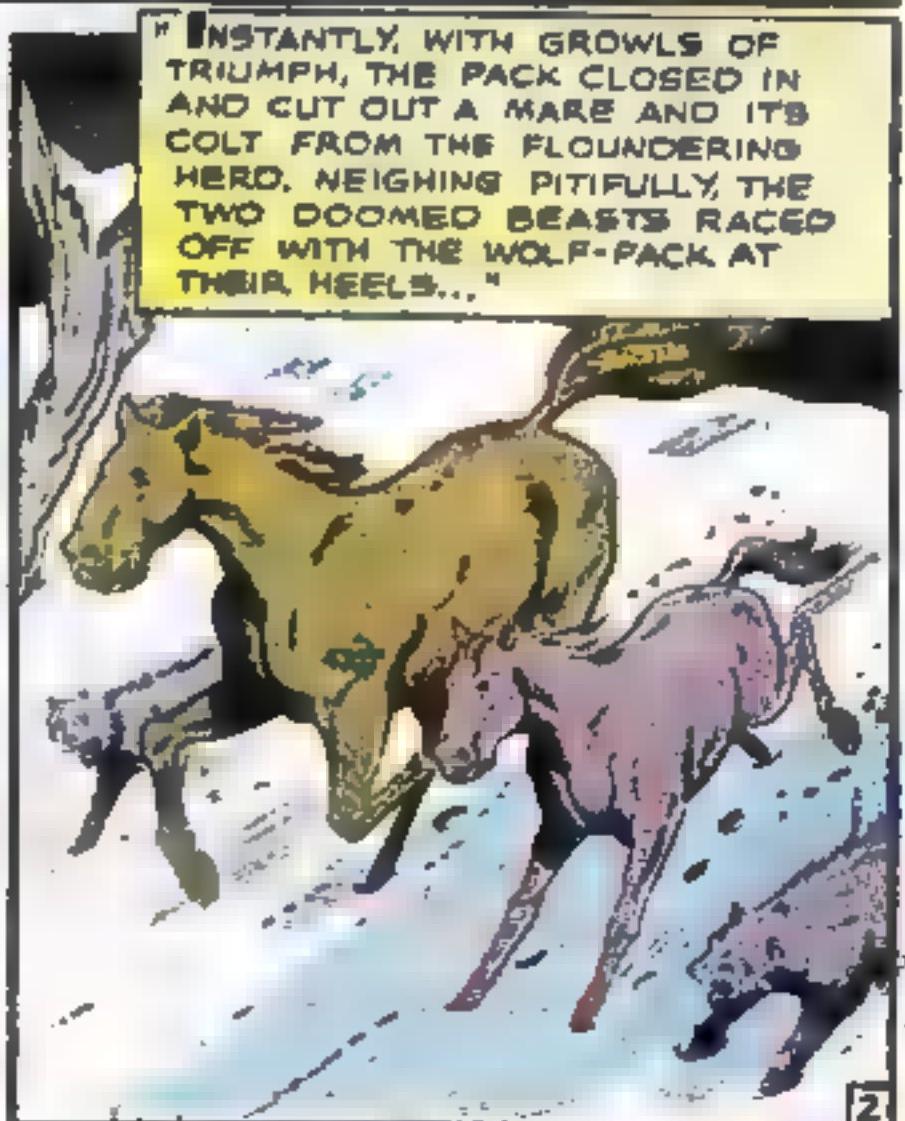
AND THEN WE SAW A HERD OF WILD HORSES WHINNED IN TERROR AS THEY LASHED AT THEIR TORMENTORS WITH THEIR SHARP HOOFS...



"FOR LONG MINUTES, THEY FOUGHT OFF THE HUNGER-MAD WOLVES. THEN, SEIZED BY SUDDEN PANIC, THE HORSES TURNED AND FLED..."



"INSTANTLY, WITH GROWLS OF TRIUMPH, THE PACK CLOSED IN AND CUT OUT A MARE AND ITS COLT FROM THE FLOUNDERING HERO. NEIGHING PITIFULLY, THE TWO DOOMED BEASTS RACED OFF WITH THE WOLF-PACK AT THEIR HEELS..."



TELL ME NOW, CHILDREN,
WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED
SO FAR FROM MY STORY?

THAT IS RIGHT.
LEGURCHI, THE
WOLVES WERE
SMARTER.

THEN WE
RUSHED IN.
WE SAW THAT
THE MARE
HAD FALLEN...

DRIVE OFF THE WOLVES.
WE WILL TAKE THOSE
HORSES TO OUR VILLAGE.

I KNOW!
THE HORSES
WERE FOOLISH
TO SCATTER.
FOR IN UNION
THERE IS
STRENGTH!

THEY KNEW
HOW TO
DIVIDE AND
CONQUER!
WHAT
HAPPENED
NEXT?

"BUT THE WOLVES WERE HUNGRY.
BEFORE WE COULD REACH THEM, THE
MARE WAS DEAD. ONE OF THE SAVAGE
BEASTS WAS ATTACKING THE COLT.
WHEN AN ARROW STOPPED HIS
CHARGE..."

WE HAVE DRIVEN THEM
OFF, LEGURCHI. IS THE
COLT HURT?

HIS KNEE IS BRUISED
FROM THE FALL, BUT
WILL SOON HEAL.
HARK... SOMEONE
CALLS!

LOOK, LEGURCHI,
SCOUT SIGNALS
FROM THE CLIFF!

YES... I
SEE HIM.
WATCH!

"FOR BRIEF
SECONDS WE
STUDIED THE
WAVING BLANKET,
THEN..."

PAWNEES! HE
HAS SEEN A BAND
OF THEM ACROSS
THE VALLEY —
COME!

"INSTANTLY, ALL THOUGHTS OF THE COLT WERE CROWDED FROM OUR MINDS AS WE RACED UP THE MOUNTAIN. AND SOON..."

"THEY ARE PAWNEES, ALL RIGHT. BUT THEY HAVE THEIR SQUAWS WITH THEM. NO... THAT IS NOT A WAR PARTY!"

"COME. WE WILL RETURN TO THE VALLEY. I WANT TO SAVE THAT COLT!"



"HE IS GONE, BUT HIS TRACKS ARE PLAIN ON THE SNOW."

"AND THE WOLVES HAVE COME BACK. THEY ARE ON HIS TRAIL!"

"SO WE FOLLOWED HIM. THAT COLT WAS HURT, ALONE AND DEFENSELESS. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU WERE HE?"

"A COLT CAN OUTRUN A WOLF. IF I WERE THE LITTLE HORSE, I WOULD HAVE GALLOPED OFF TO THE PLAINS!"



"YES... AND THEN I WOULD HAVE TRIED TO FIND THE REST OF THE HERD."

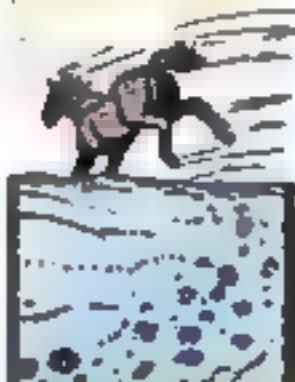
"BUT YOU FORGET... THE SNOW IS PILED DEEP ON THE PLAINS, AND THE COLT'S HOOF WOULD SINK INTO IT..."

"BUT THE WOLVES ARE MUCH LIGHTER AND WOULD SKIM OVER THE CRUST. IN SUCH A SITUATION, A COOL HEAD IS NEEDED. ONE MUST NOT GET PANICKY."

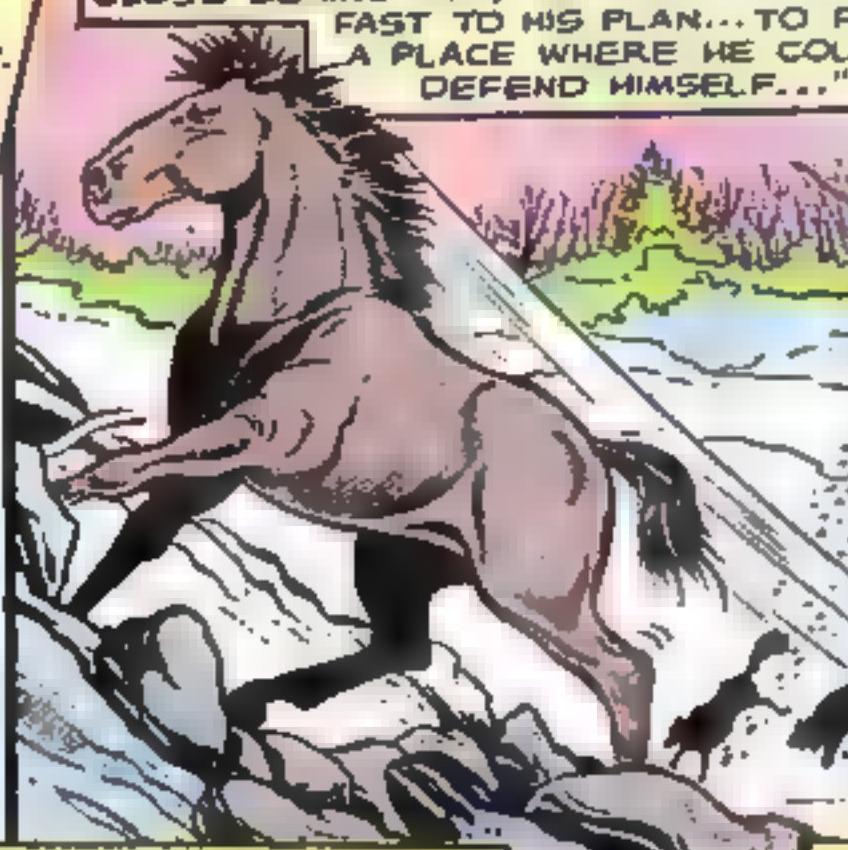
"YOU ARE RIGHT, LEGURCHI, TO RUN TO THE PLAINS WOULD HAVE BEEN FOOLISH. BUT WHAT DID OUR LITTLE COLT DO?"



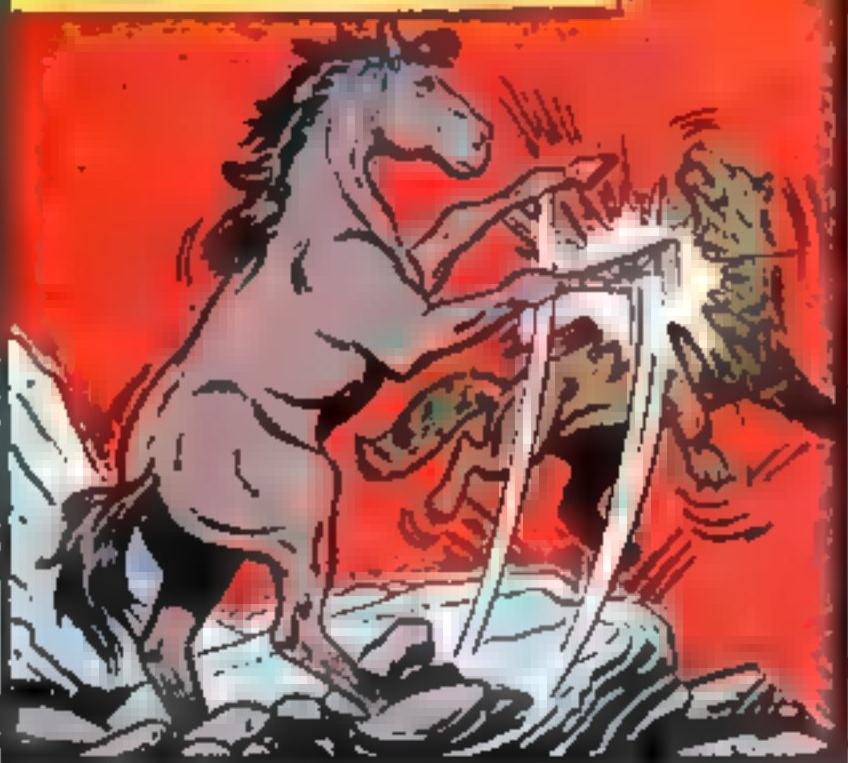
"WE FOLLOWED HIS TRACKS AND SAW THAT HE WAS SMART. HE HAD LEFT THE VALLEY WHERE THE SNOWDRIFTS WERE DEEP AND WAS CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN WHICH WAS ALMOST BARE..."



"AND ALTHOUGH THE WOLVES WERE CLOSE BEHIND HIM, HE HELD STEADFAST TO HIS PLAN... TO FIND A PLACE WHERE HE COULD DEFEND HIMSELF..."



"ON THEY CAME, CASTING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, BUT SOON THEIR VICTORY HOWLS CHANGED TO YELPS OF PAIN AS THE COLT'S SHARP HOOFs LASHED OUT AT THEM..."



"AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE BRAVE LITTLE HORSE DROVE THEM BACK FROM THE LEDGE. BUT HE WAS ALONE AND THE WOLVES WERE MANY. SO FINALLY THEY SCRAMBLED ONTO HIS ROCKY PERCH..."

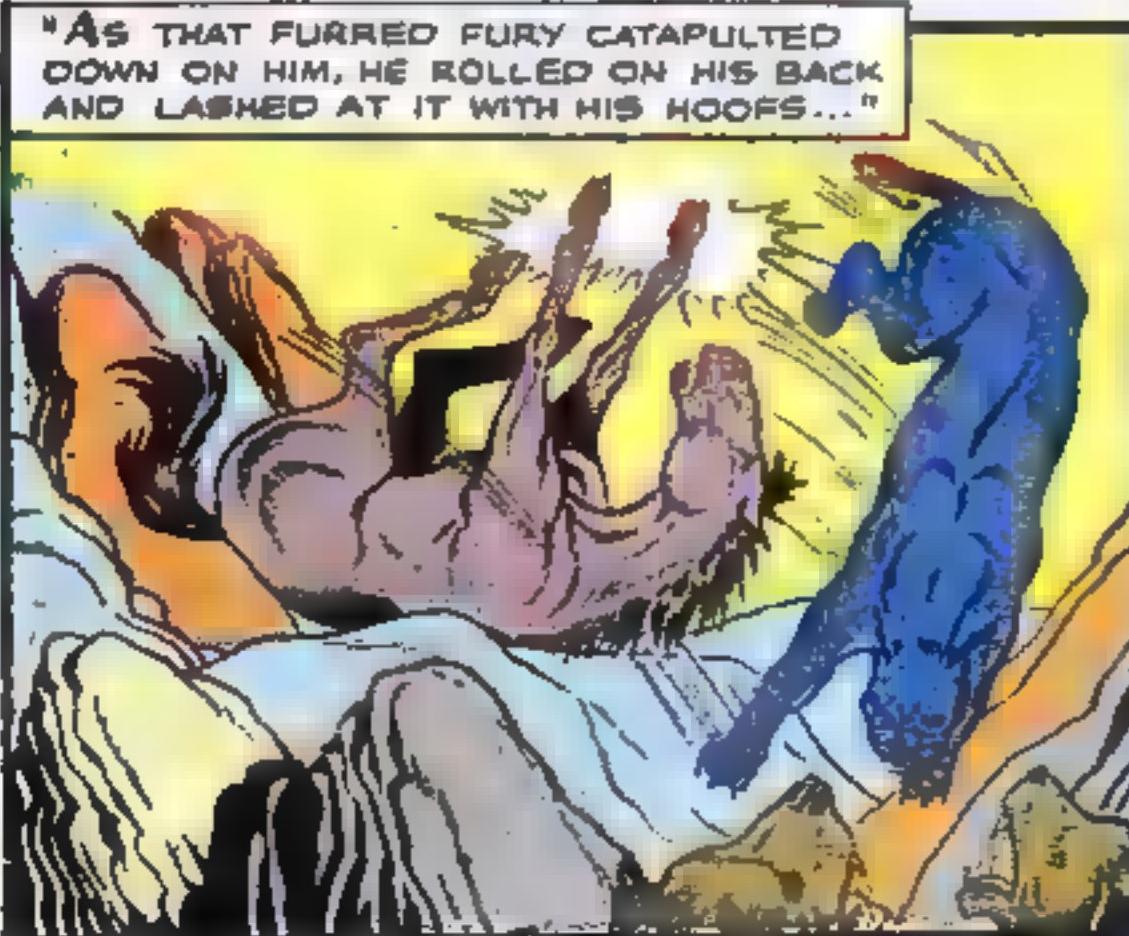
"AND HE SUCCEEDED! HE SCRAMBLED UP ON A NARROW LEDGE, THEN TURNED TO FACE HIS TORMENTORS..."



"STILL HE DID NOT DESPAIR, BUT GLANCED AROUND TO SEEK ANOTHER WAY TO ESCAPE. THEN HE SAW ANOTHER ENEMY ABOVE HIM... A COUGAR TENSED TO SPRING..."



"AS THAT FURRED FURY CATAULPTED DOWN ON HIM, HE ROLLED ON HIS BACK AND LASHED AT IT WITH HIS HOOFs..."

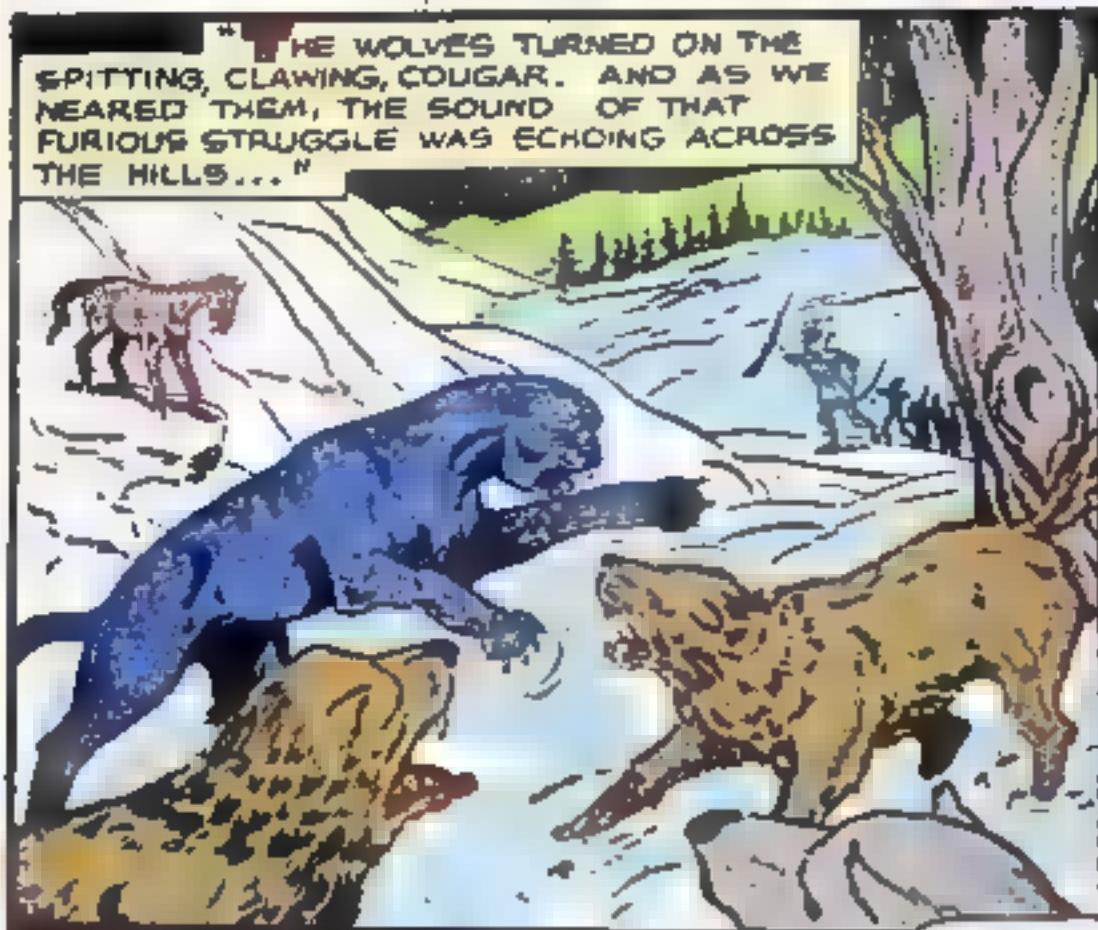


"VICTORY WAS HIS! THE COUGAR FELL INTO THE CENTER OF THE WOLF PACK. INSTANTLY THEY LEAPED UPON THAT KILLER CAT..."

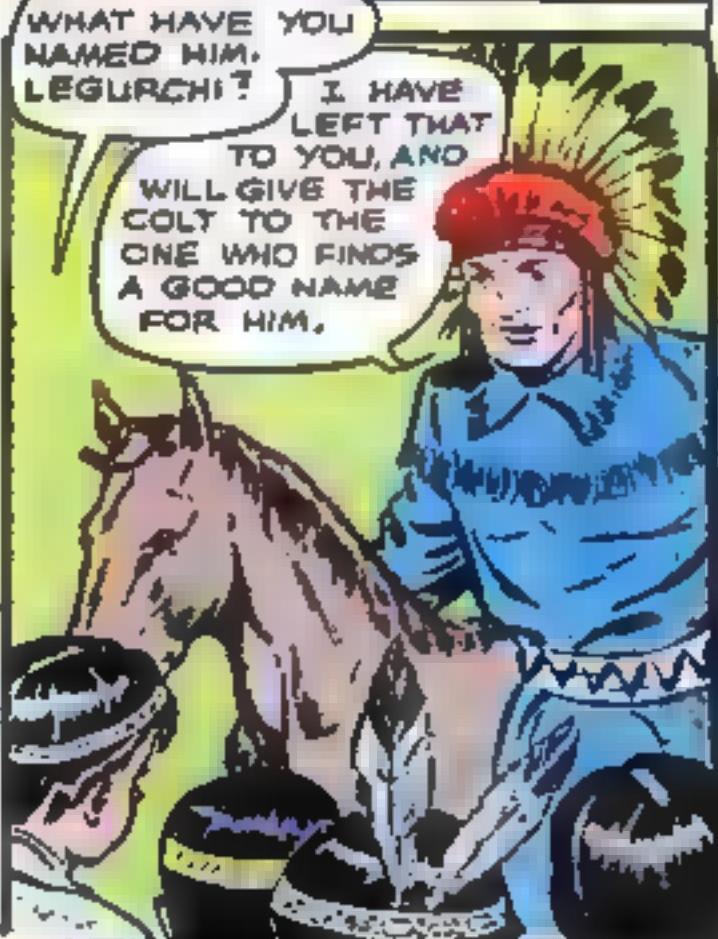


"THE WOLVES TURNED ON THE SPITTING, CLAWING, COUGAR. AND AS WE NEARED THEM, THE SOUND OF THAT FURIOUS STRUGGLE WAS ECHOING ACROSS THE HILLS..."

GOOD HUNTING, BRAVES! I WILL GET THE COUGAR WHILE YOU WIPE OUT THE WOLF PACK!



SO THAT IS THE STORY OF OUR LITTLE FRIEND. HE TAUGHT US THAT NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST US, WE MUST NEVER GIVE UP.



THE SUN HAS SUNK BEHIND THE HILLS, AND IT IS TIME WE WENT TO OUR TEEPEES. BUT REMEMBER TO THINK UP A NAME FOR OUR BRAVE LITTLE HORSE WHO SO SMARTLY OUTWITTED THE WOLVES, AND IS THE NEWEST MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE!"



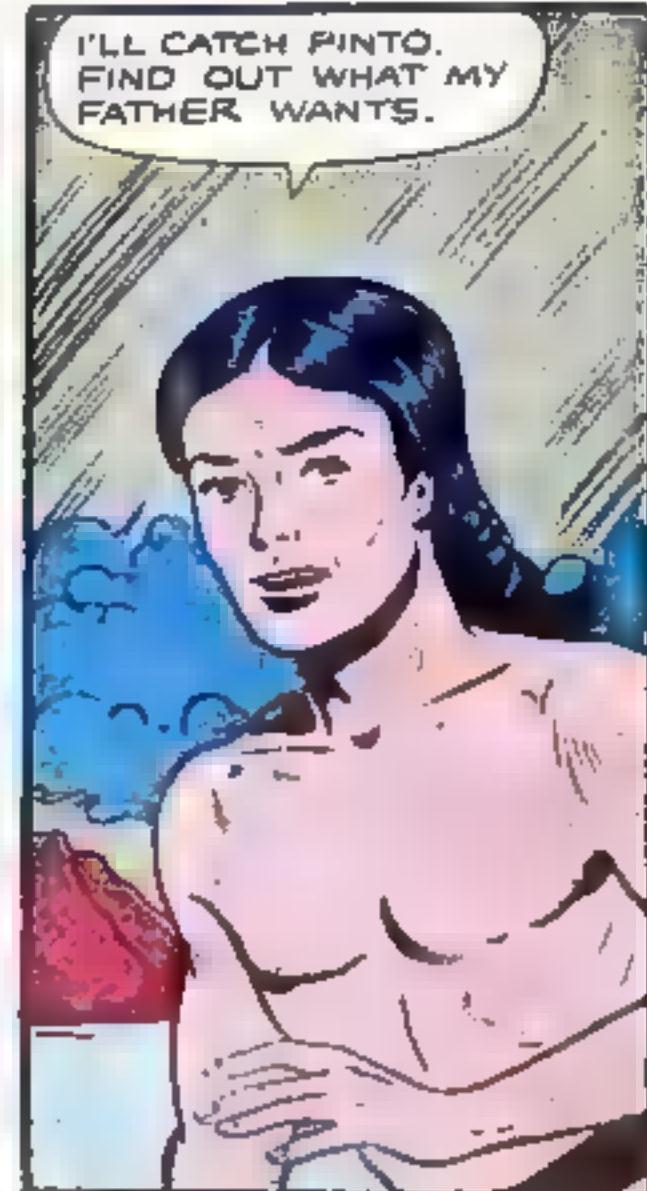
LONG BOW

BY CAPT. STUART KERRIGAN



FEATHERED DEATH
WAS WINGING DEATH
PLAINS. THE PAINTED
CROWS WERE
RAMPAGING, BENT
ON WRESTLING
THEIR ANCIENT
HUNTING GROUNDS
FROM THE ENEMY
BLACKFEET. AND
WITHIN THEIR RACING
TRAP LAY LONE BEAR,
HIS SQUAW, AND
HIS YOUNG, STURDY-
LIMBED SON—
LONG BOW!

LONE BEAR'S ONLY WARNING HAD BEEN AN AMBUSH ARROW. THE CROW SHAFT DROVE INTO HIS BACK. PAIN BURNED THROUGH LONE BEAR, BUT HE KEPT ON HIS FEET. TWISTING, TURNING, HIDING HIS TRAIL, HE STUMBBLED BACK TO WARN GLASS AND THE BOY...



WERE THEY CROWS. LONE BEAR? WILL THEY FOLLOW AND KILL US?

THEY WERE CROWS. A WAR-PARTY. WE MUST SEND THE BOY AWAY BEFORE THEY FIND US.

TAKE CARE OF MY BOW, BOY. IT'S THE BEST BOW IN ALL THE PLAINS COUNTRY. TAKE IT AND RIDE FOR THE BIG CAMP. AND WATCH OUT FOR THE CROWS.



BUT TIME WAS ALREADY SHORT. OUT OF A CANYON GALLOPED THE CROW WAR-PARTY, DETERMINED NOT TO LET EVEN A BLACKFOOT CUB ESCAPE THEIR SCALP-KNIVES...

BUT YOU AND MY MOTHER?

DO AS YOUR FATHER ORDERS, BOY. WE'LL HIDE. GO NOW. QUICK!



WAH-HOO!

EY-YI-YI! KILL
THE BLACKFOOT
DOGS! KILL
THEM ALL!

YIP-PEE!
LET NONE
ESCAPE!

NO HOPE
FOR US. IF
ONLY THE
BOY ESCAPES.

CHASE DOWN THE
BLACKFOOT BOY.
HE WILL GROW UP
TO SCALP OUR
SONS!



THE BOY KNEW HE MUST OBEY
LONE BEAR'S ORDERS. HE MUST
RIDE, BUT SOME DAY HE WOULD
AVENGE LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-
GLASS. SOME DAY LONE BEAR'S BOW
WOULD SING A WAR SONG...

BUT THE CROWS
WERE HOT ON HIS
TRAIL. THEIR
PONIES WERE
SWIFT...



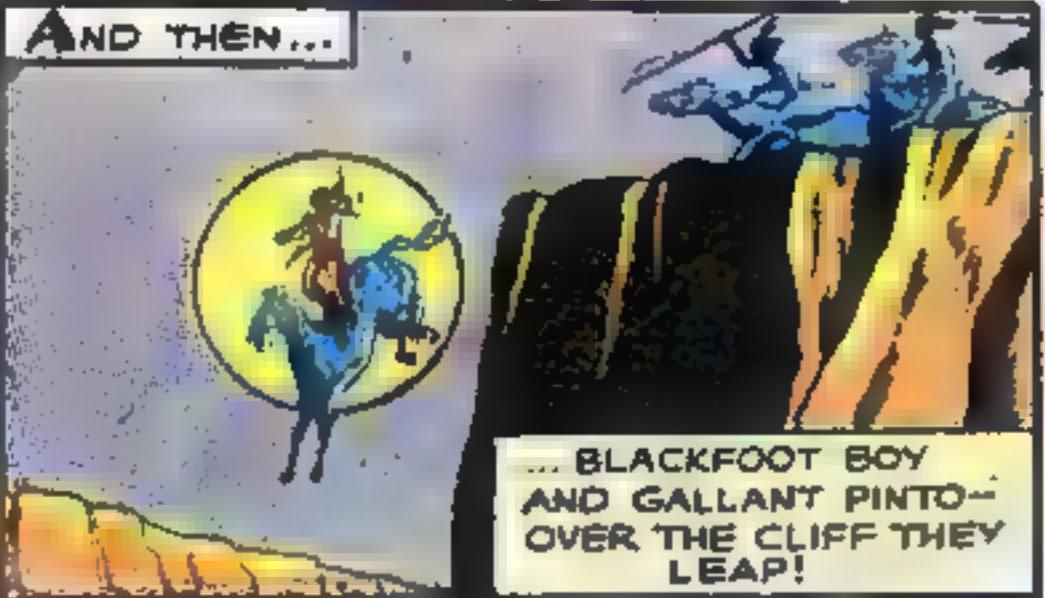
SUDDENLY, THE INDIAN BOY DREW
REIN. THERE WAS THE ROSEBUD
RIVER, BLOCKING HIM IN FRONT.
THE GRINNING CROWS HAD CIRCLED HIM
FROM BEHIND. THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG.



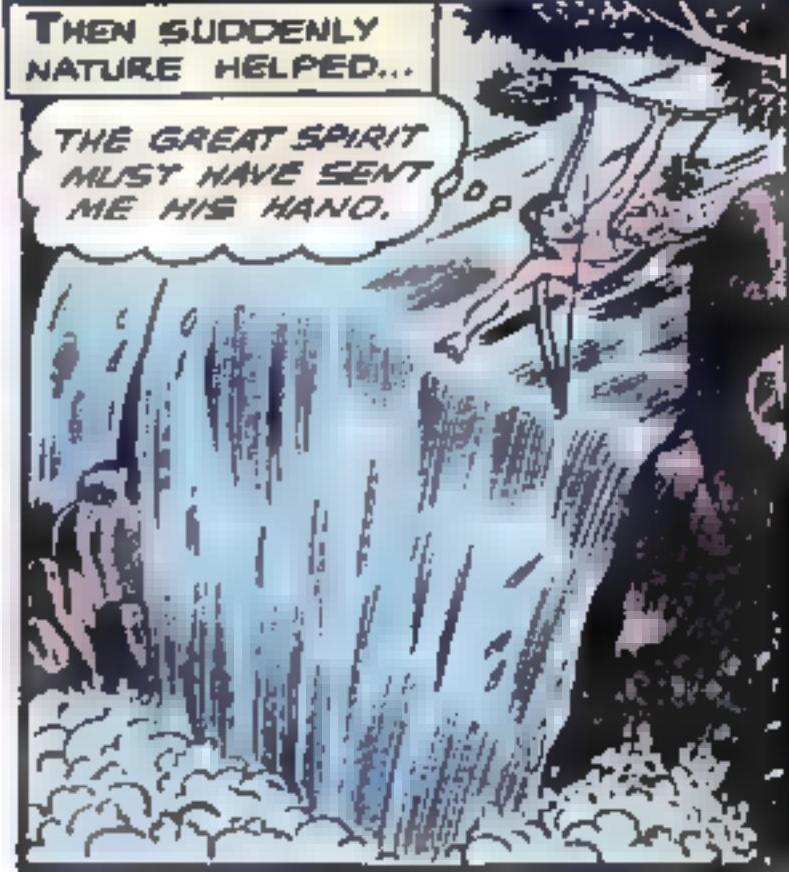
YOU WON'T GET ME,
BIG BELLIES!

THE RIVER GOT
HIM. I WISH ALL
BLACKFEET WOULD
DIE THE SAME
WAY.

AND THEN...



DOWN, DOWN,
INTO THE CANYON
OF THE ROSEBUD.
HORSE AND
RIDER STRUCK
HARD. THE
BLACKFOOT
BOY WAS
STUNNED. BUT
HE FOUGHT
HIS WAY TO
THE SURFACE
TO FIND
THAT THE
CURRENT
WAS
DRAGGING
HIM TO THE
FALLS...



OH, YOU LONG-HAIRED WARRIORS. THE GREAT SPIRIT HAS SAVED ME. NOW WATCH YOUR SCALPS!



HAVING SEARCHED UNSUCCESSFULLY FOR HIS PONY, THE BLACKFOOT BOY CRAWLED CAUTIOUSLY UP THE CLIFF...

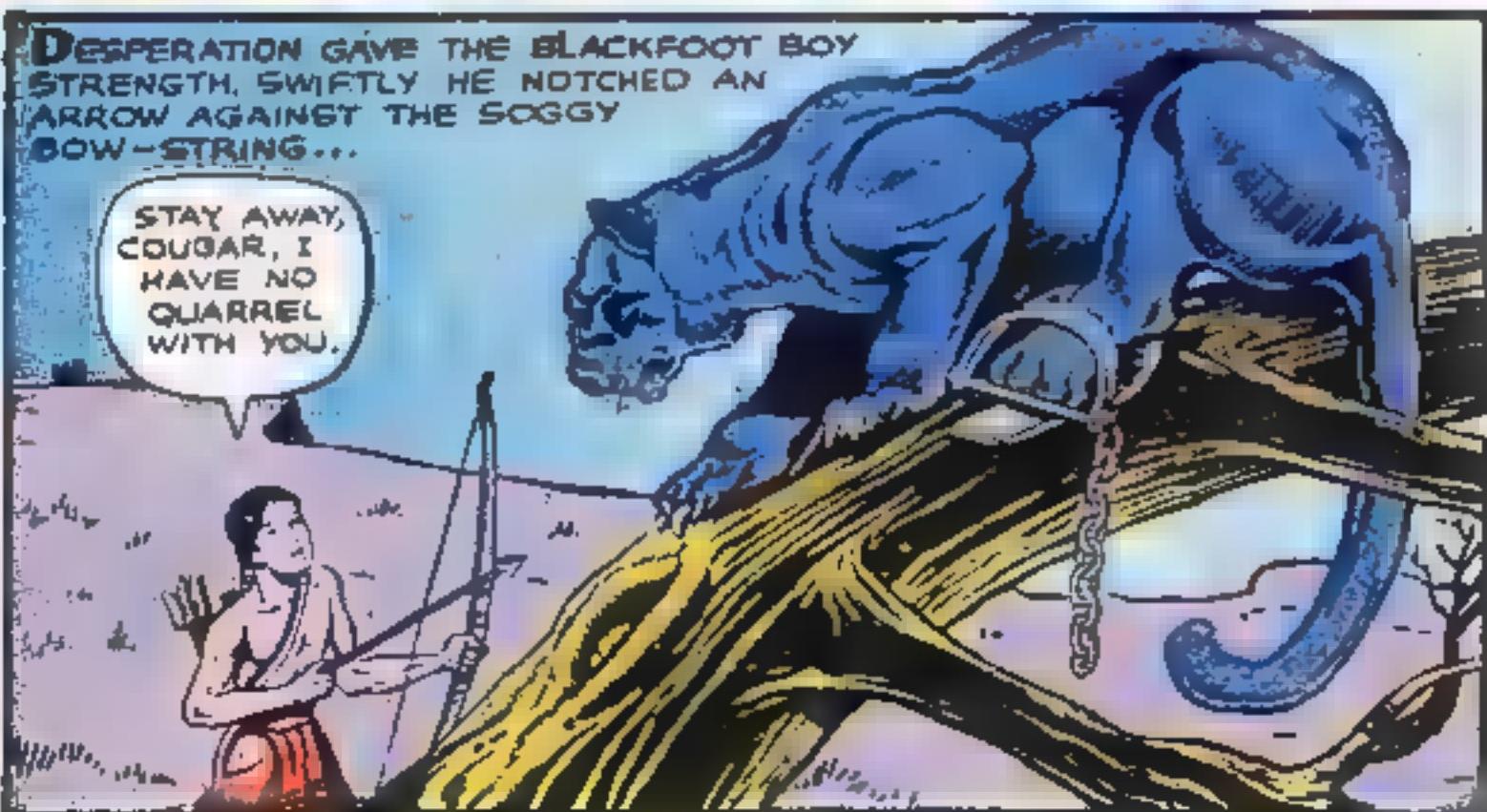


THAT NOISE? A COUGAR, AND I HAVE NO WEAPON BUT THIS DAMP BOW.



DESPERATION GAVE THE BLACKFOOT BOY STRENGTH. SWIFTLY HE NOTCHED AN ARROW AGAINST THE SOGGY BOW-STRING...

STAY AWAY, COUGAR, I HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU.



THE INDIAN BOY SAW THE BLAZE IN THE COUGAR'S TOPAZ EYES. HE SAW THE ANIMAL'S TWITCHING TAIL, THE PAINFUL TRAP WITH ITS BROKEN CHAIN CLENCHED TO HIS HIND FOOT, AND HE KNEW THE COUGAR WOULD ATTACK. HOW COULD HE FIGHT THE FIERCE BEAST WITH A WATER-SOAKED BOW SO THICK AND HEAVY THAT MANY WARRIORS COULD SCARCELY USE IT?

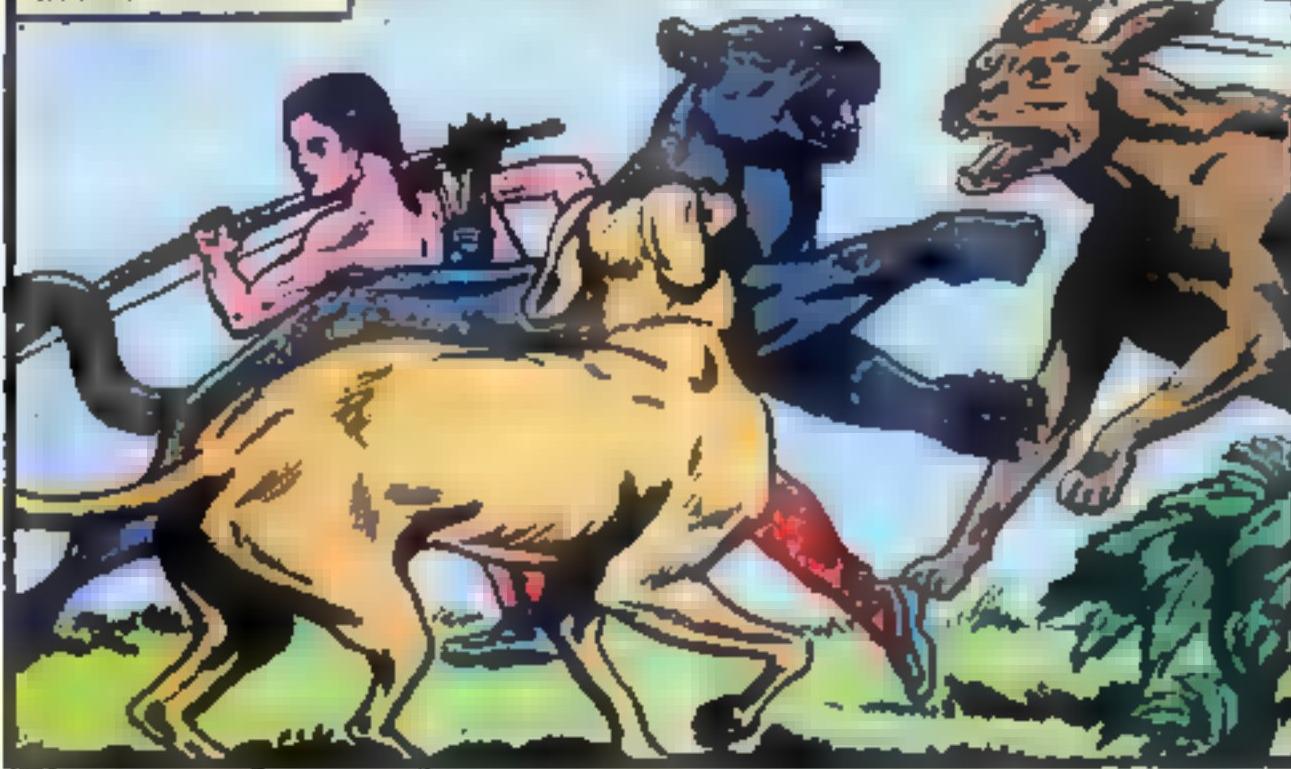
OTHERS MIGHT HAVE RUN, BUT THIS BLACKFOOT BOY HAD THE COURAGE OF A WARRIOR. RACE, DRAWING THE BOW WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS YOUNG ARMS, HE MET THE BEAST'S GROWLING CHARGE...



THE GREAT BOW WITH ITS EAGLE-FEATHERED SHAFT TWANGED DAMPLY, THE ARROW NICKED THE COUGAR. BUT THE PAIN-MADDENED CAT WAS NOT TO BE STOPPED SO EASILY. A SWEEP OF THE PAW AND THE BOY WAS DOWN...



SUDDENLY, THE GLADE WAS FILLED WITH A FEROCIOUS BARKING. THE COUGAR WHIRLED FROM THE HELPLESS BOY TO FACE TWO HUGE HOUNDS DRIVING IN FROM EACH SIDE...



ABOVE THE BARKING, SNARLING FRAY CAME ANOTHER SOUND—THE SOUND OF MOCCASINED FEET...



BUT ONLY ONE MAN CAME, A TALL, GAUNT WHITE MAN. TO THE SCARED BLACKFOOT BOY, HE TOO SEEMED AN ENEMY...



GOOD WORK, SAMSON. GOOD WORK, GOLIATH. LUCKY YOU FOUND THIS CRITTER, ELSE HE'D HAVE MADE OFF WITH HIS HIDE AND OUR TRAP, TOO. HEY, HERE'S AN ARROW GRAZE! INJUNS AROUND.



SAD AND WEARY, THE SON OF LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-GLASS DRAGGED HIMSELF INTO A CAVE THAT HIS KEEN EYES HAD SPOTTED. HERE IN THE ABANDONED COYOTE DEN THE BOY SLEPT THE SLEEP OF THE WILDS; THE SLEEP OF THE BEAR AND THE DEER, BISON, THE ANTELOPE. AND THE BOY AWOKE WITH THE SUNRISE, STRONG AND REFRESHED...



CLOSE BY THE INDIAN BOY FOUND A CLEAR STREAM THAT FED THE TURBULENT ROSE BUD RIVER...



MEANWHILE, THE RED-HEADED TRAPPER, HE OF THE HUGE DOGS, WAS ALSO ON THE MOVE...



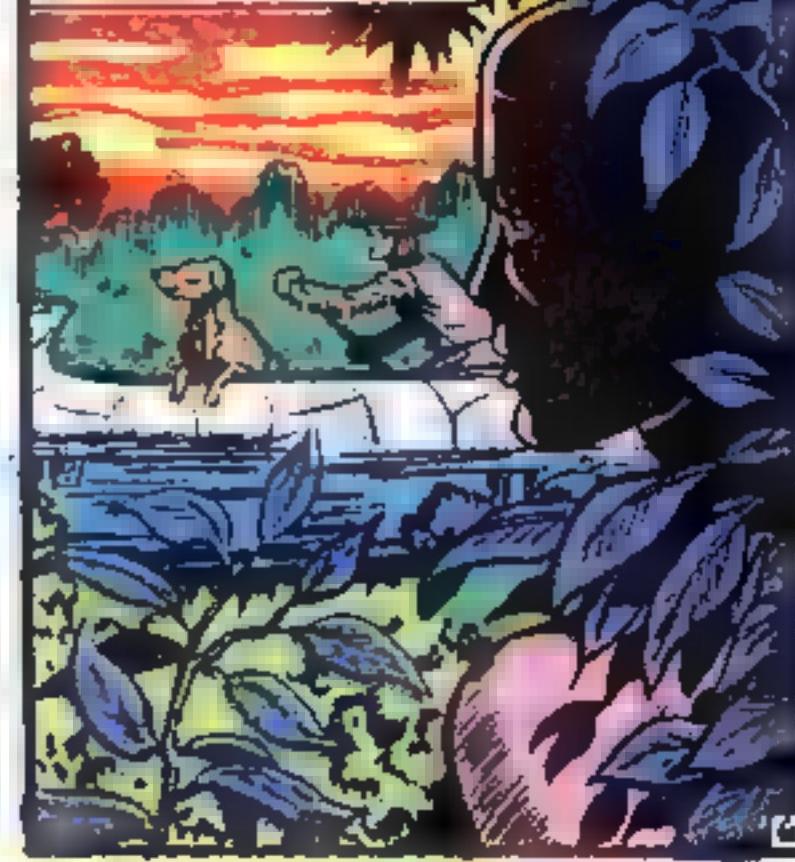
PUSHING HIS BIRCHBARK CANOE INTO THE STREAM, THE BUCKSKIN MAN HEADED OUT...



I FEEL AS IF EYES WERE WATCHIN' US. THE WOODS ARE A MITE TOO SILENT.



AND EYES WERE WATCHING, THE EYES OF THE BLACKFOOT BOY...



IT WAS ALMOST AS MUCH CURIOSITY AS HUNGER THAT DREW THE BLACKFOOT BOY TO THE WHITE TRAPPER'S CABIN. HE HAD SEEN ONE OR TWO SUCH PLACES BEFORE, BUT LONE BEAR HAD ALWAYS WARNED HIM AWAY. "SOME PALESKINS ARE GOOD MEN, SOME ARE BAD," LONE BEAR HAD SAID. "BETTER TO STAY AWAY..."



THE RICH ODOR OF VENISON AND PEA-BEANS DREW THE INDIAN LAD TOWARDS THE FIREPLACE. SUDDENLY A HORRIBLE MOANING FROZE HIS BLOOD...



HE TURNED JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE RAKING ATTACK OF A FURIOUS HORNED-OWL...



DON'T SCOLD ME, OWL. I'M NO THIEF. I'M ONLY HUNGRY. I'LL REPAY YOUR MASTER FOR WHAT I TAKE.



PERHAPS THE OWL IS AS WISE AS THEY SAY. PERHAPS HE UNDERSTOOD THE BOY, AT LEAST HE QUIETED DOWN AND WATCHED THE LAD EAT...



THE BOY WAS FEEDING HIS FRIEND, THE OWL, WHEN A FAINT, STEALTHY NOISE REACHED HIS FEAR-SHARPENED EARS...



A WAR-PARTY WAS APPROACHING THE CABIN. IT WAS THE SAME BAND OF CROWS THAT HAD FALLEN ON LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-GLASS...



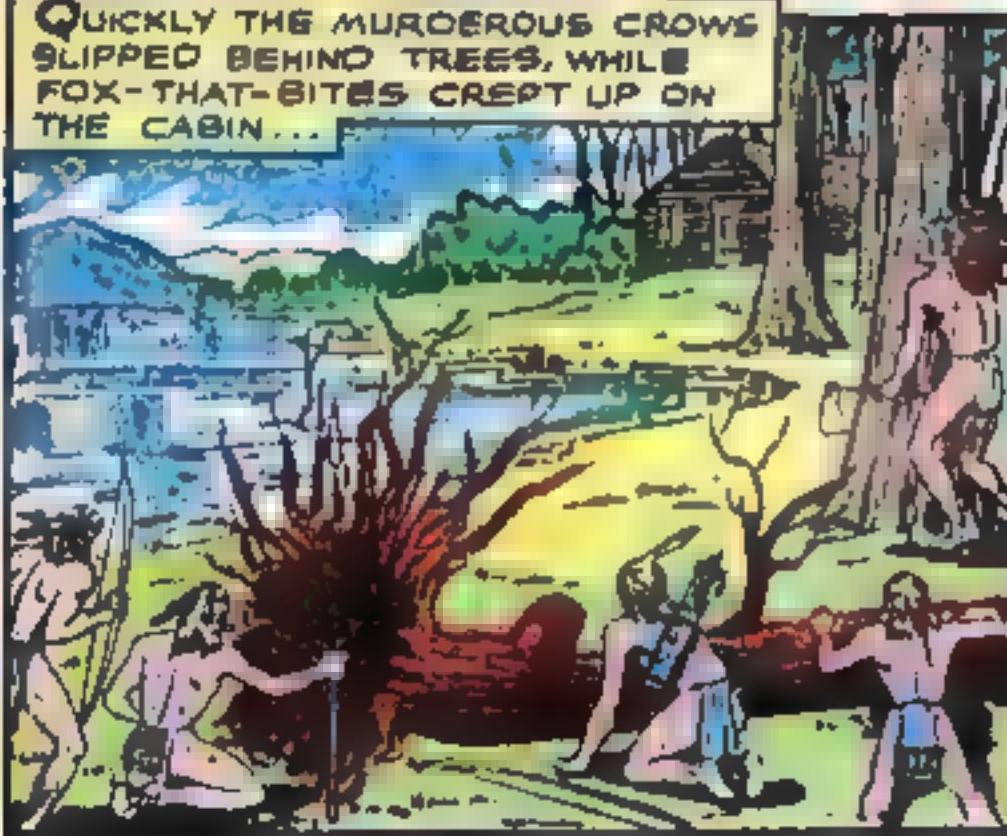
THE WHITE MAN'S WEAPON SHOOTS FAR AND STRAIGHT. WHAT IF HE'S WATCHING FOR US?

I TELL YOU, THE WHITE MAN IS AS STUPID AS THE BUFFALO. HIS SCALP WILL HANG ON MY WAR-CLUB.

STAY IN HIDING WHILE I, FOX-THAT-BITES, SCOUT THE WHITE MAN'S LODGE.



QUICKLY THE MUROEROUS CROWS SLIPPED BEHIND TREES, WHILE FOX-THAT-BITES CREST UP ON THE CABIN ...

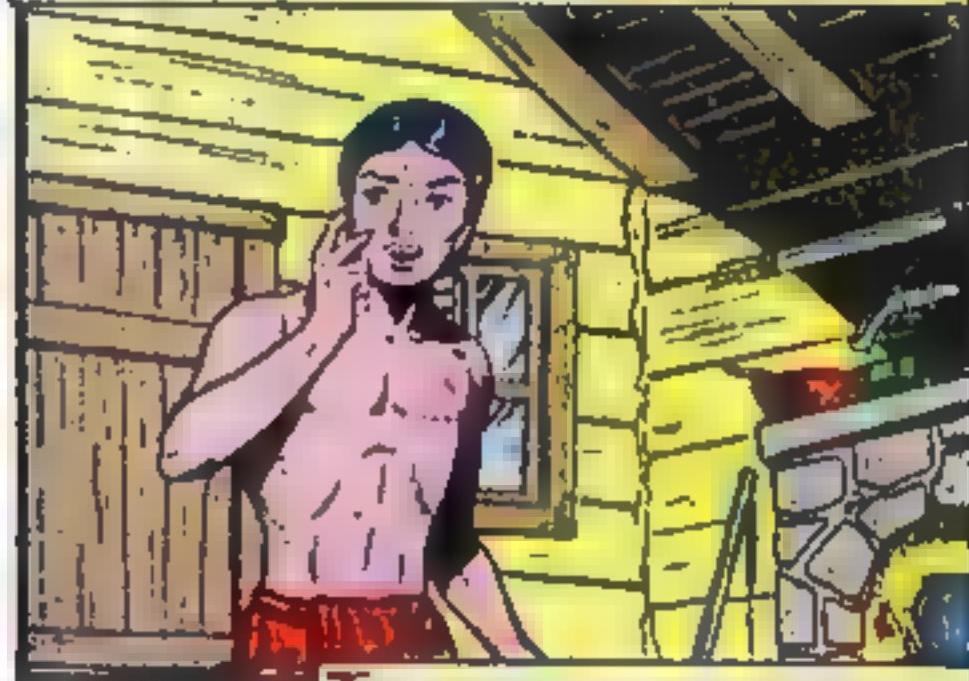


ONCE MY FATHER TOLD ME HOW THE WHITE MAN'S THUNDERSTICK WORKS ...

THAT SHINY PEBBLE INSIDE MUST BE THE DEATH-THAT-ROARS. IF MY BOW FAILS, I WILL TRY THIS WHITE MAN'S WEAPON, BUT I WOULD RATHER HAVE A TOMAHAWK OR EVEN A GOOD SHARP HUNTING KNIFE.



THE BLACKFOOT BOY'S KEEN EYES HAD SPOTTED THE CROW CHIEF'S WAR-BONNET. HE KNEW HIS DEADLY ENEMIES HAD HIM CORNERED. BUT HE WASN'T BEATEN YET...



THE SINEW BOW-STRING HAD DRIED IN THE WARMTH OF THE CABIN. THE BLACKFOOT BOY PREPARED FOR THE ATTACK, HE WAS SCARED, BUT HE KNEW THAT A BLACKFOOT MUST NEVER ADMIT FEAR...



NOW A STRANGE THING HAPPENED. A CANOE CAME SHOOTING DOWN THE RIVER. THE WHITE MAN, HAVING FOUND INDIAN SIGNS, HAD SWUNG BACK TO PROTECT HIS CABIN AND HIS RICH STORE OF PELTS...



THE TRAPPER THOUGHT HE WAS WELL AHEAD OF THE MARAUDERS. HIS FIRST WARNING OF AMBUSH CAME WHEN THE GREAT HOUND, SAMSON, GAVE VOICE...



BUT NOT IN TIME...BLACK- FEATHERED CROW ARROWS WERE ALREADY LASHING AROUND HIM. ONE SHAFT DROVE DEEP INTO THE TRAPPER'S SHOULDER...



THE SUDDEN FEROCIOUS ATTACK IN THEIR REAR STARTLED THE CROWS, SENT THEM STAMPEDING INTO THE WOODS. THEY HADN'T EXPECTED A REAL FIGHT...

IT WAS THE BLACKFOOT BOY SHOOTING HIS FATHER'S GREAT HUNTING BOW WITH A STRENGTH BORN OF REVENGE...



CAN I HELP YOU, WHITE-MAN? I KNOW MUCH ABOUT TENDING ARROW WOUNDS. MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE HERBS.

WHERE DID YOU POP FROM? YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HOLED UP IN THE CABIN.

YES, I WAS HIDING IN YOUR LODGE. I WAS LOST AND HUNGRY, BUT I DID NOT MEAN TO STEAL YOUR FOOD. I WOULD HAVE PAID YOU BACK.

DON'T TALK OF PAY. I OWE YOU MY LIFE. I'M OBLIGED, LAD, A HEAP MORE OBLIGED THAN I CAN EXPRESS IN INDIAN LINGO.

HEREABOUTS THEY CALL ME TRAPPER JIM. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, LAD?

I AM THE SON OF LONE BEAR, THE GREAT HUNTER. IN MY TRIBE A BOY DOESN'T GET A NAME UNTIL HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO EARN IT.

THAT'S A POWERFULLY TALL BOW YOU CARRY FOR ONE SO YOUNG. I HARDLY SEE HOW YOU'VE GOT THE STRENGTH TO BEND IT.

IT'S MY FATHER'S BOW. HE GAVE IT TO ME JUST BEFORE THE CROWS KILLED HIM. IT'S TRUE, I CAN HARDLY BEND IT, BUT TODAY I HAD TO.

YOU KNOW, LAD, I BEEN THINKING ABOUT A NAME FOR YOU. I THINK YOU SHOULD RIGHTLY BE CALLED LONG BOW. IT'S A GOOD NAME, AND YOU SURE EARNED IT.

LONG BOW... I LIKE THAT NAME. IT SOUNDS BIG AND BRAVE.



OUTSIDE, THE WIND OFF THE BIG HORNS WAS SINGING OF AN EARLY WINTER. INSIDE THE TIGHT CABIN, LONG BOW FELT SAFE AND SECURE WITH HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND, TRAPPER JIM, AND THE TWO GREAT HOUNDS. FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, LONG BOW, THE BLACKFOOT BOY, WAS SAFE...



FOR MORE GREAT ADVENTURES OF LONG BOW AND TRAPPER JIM, SEE THE NEXT BIG ISSUE OF INDIANS!



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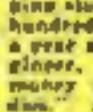
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I TRAINED
THESE MEN



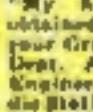
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"I am starting my own business from a few hundred to over \$4,000 a year as a Radio Engineer. Make extra money repairing Radios." A. Michaelis, Trenton, Ga.



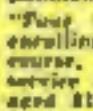
"Before finishing course, I earned about \$10 a week fixing Radios in spare time. Muhammad N. H. R. R. J. Petrelli, Miami, Florida.



"My first job was obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. Am now Chief Engineer, Police Radio Station WJUX." T. S. Norton, Hamilton, Ohio.



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HAIR RESEARCH CO.
2626 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey



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